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PANORAMA OF HELL is a shocking, tortuous journey into the depths of one man's postnuclear Hell. Through the confessions of a fiendish Hell painter born in the aftermath of the bombing of Hiroshima, Hideshi Hino tells a nightmarish story, creating a *manga* masterpiece of black humor, stunning vision, and unflinching imagery.

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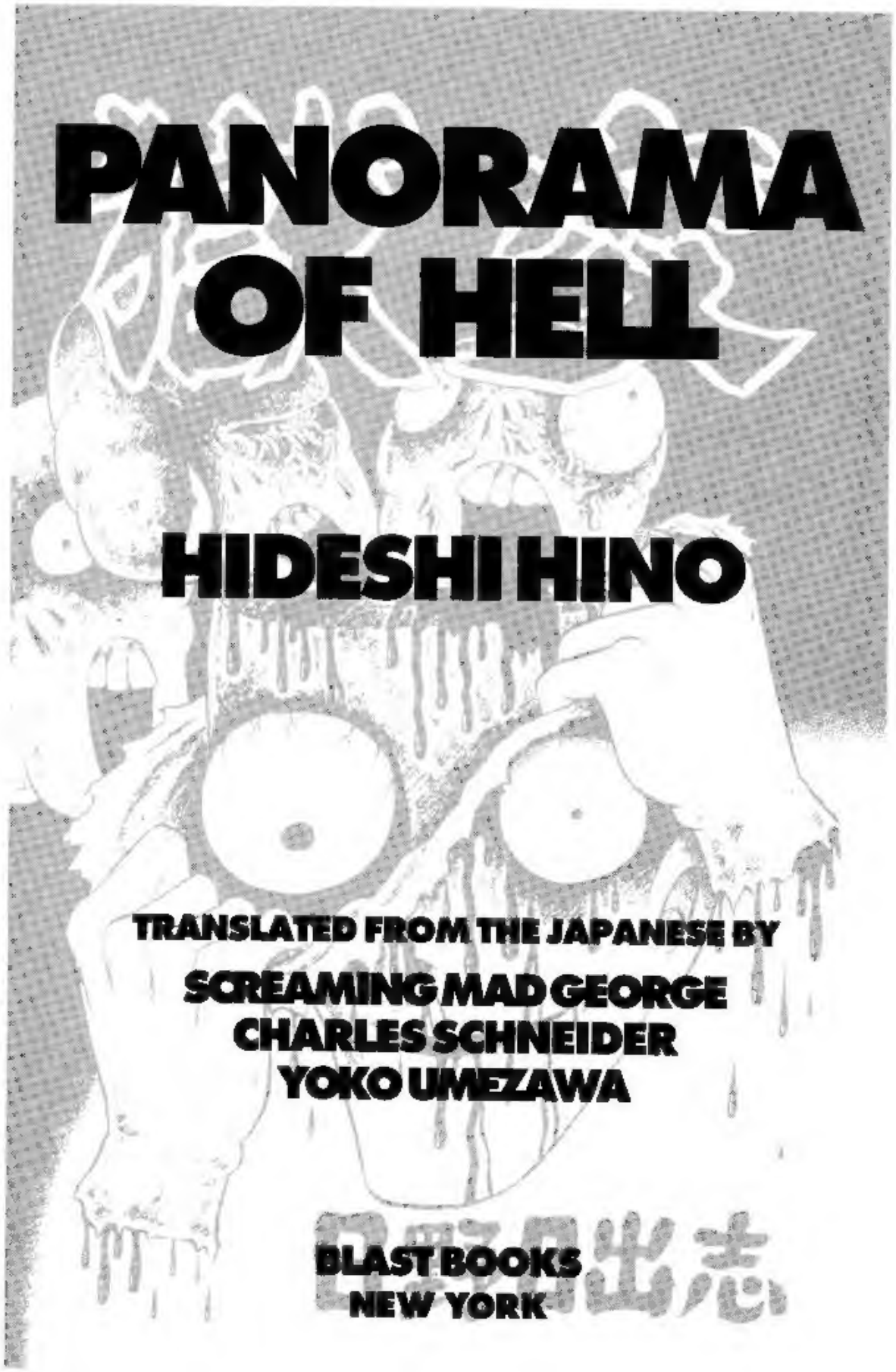
HOW TO READ *PANORAMA OF HELL*

Japanese is read from right to left. Likewise, *Panorama of Hell*'s pages, panels, and the balloons inside them should be read from right to left.

Japanese characters depicting sound effects are accompanied by English translations placed just beside the Japanese characters.



PANORAMA OF HELL

HIDESHI HINO

TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE BY

SCREAMING MAD GEORGE
CHARLES SCHNEIDER
YOKO UMEZAWA

BLAST BOOKS
NEW YORK

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

OH HELL!

OH HELL, COME TO MY SIDE
OH HELL, COME TO MY SIDE—EMBRACE ME!
THE SMELL OF BLOOD—I WOULD DIE FOR IT

OH, THE SMELL OF BLOOD INTOXICATES ME IN HELL'S EMBRACE
A FLOOD OF MEMORIES AND TRANQUILITY

TONIGHT WE'LL HAVE CHEAP DRINKS TOGETHER AGAIN
UNTIL DAWN DESTROYS THE FLEETING DARKNESS

OH HELL, MY HOME
OH HELL, MY FATHER
OH HELL, MY MOTHER
OH HELL, MY LIFE
OH HELL . . .

—ANONYMOUS CLASSICAL CHINESE POET

THESE ARE THE VILE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNKNOWN PAINTER WHO FELL TO HELL BECAUSE OF HIS OBSESSION WITH THE EXQUISITE BEAUTY AND THE INTOXICATING SMELL OF **BLOOD**.

I'VE BLACKED OUT THE WINDOWS OF MY STUDIO...
AND I CREATE BLOODY HELL PAINTINGS IN THIS SUNLESS ROOM.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD IS BLOOD, THE COLOR OF BLOOD...
TSSS
7

I HAVE CUTS AND GASHES ALL OVER MY BODY.
HERE, LOOK...

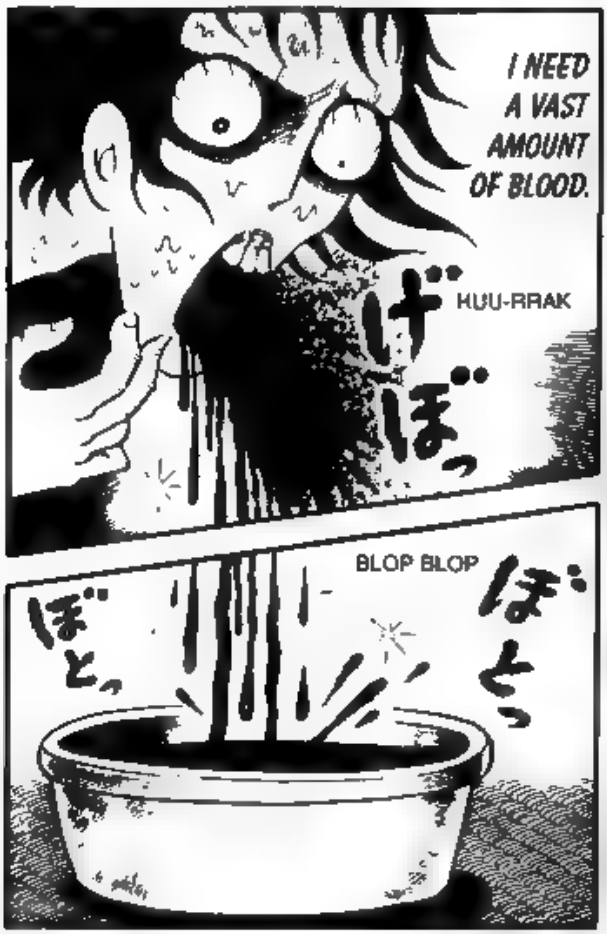
AND I LET MY BLOOD GUSH...

INTO A BASIN AND I USE IT TO PAINT MY CANVASES.

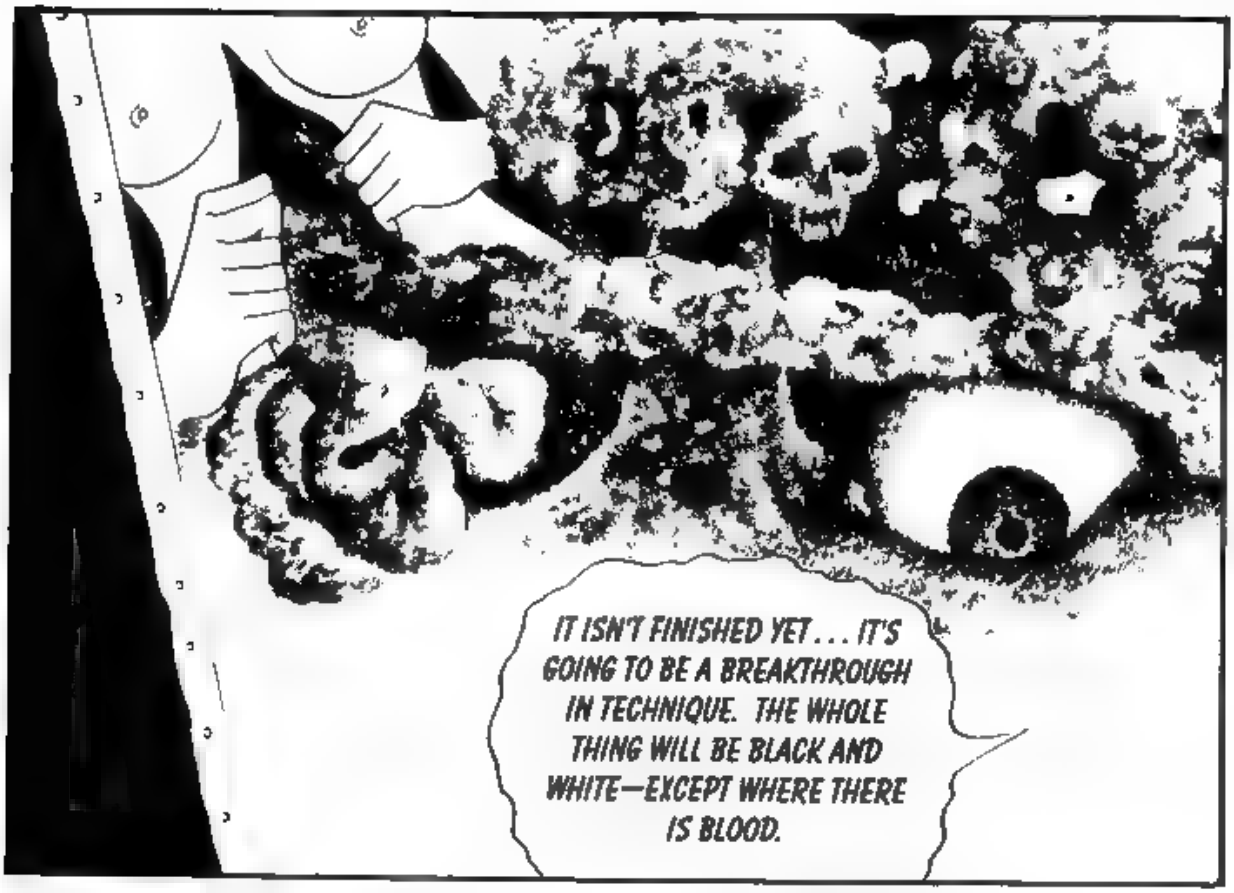
I CUT MY OWN FLESH...
TSSSSIK

POINK
OH BEAUTIFUL, GLISTENING BLOOD.
THE BLOOD BRINGS OUT IMAGES OF FLESH AND THE FLESH CALLS OUT FOR BLOOD. FANTASTIC! THIS WILL BE A WORK OF PERFECTION!
THAT'S WHY I REEK OF BLOOD AND THIS OVERPOWERING ODOR OF BLOOD ALWAYS SURROUNDS ME.
MY ROOM IS FILLED WITH THESE HELL PAINTINGS AND MY BLOOD IS IN ALL OF THEM.
9

I'VE JUST BEGUN A HUGE PAINTING. IT WILL BE MY LIFE'S WORK.
I CALL IT "THE PANORAMA OF HELL." IT DEPICTS THE END.


I NEED A VAST AMOUNT OF BLOOD.
げぼっ
HUU-RRAK
BLOP BLOP
ぼとっ
ぼとっ

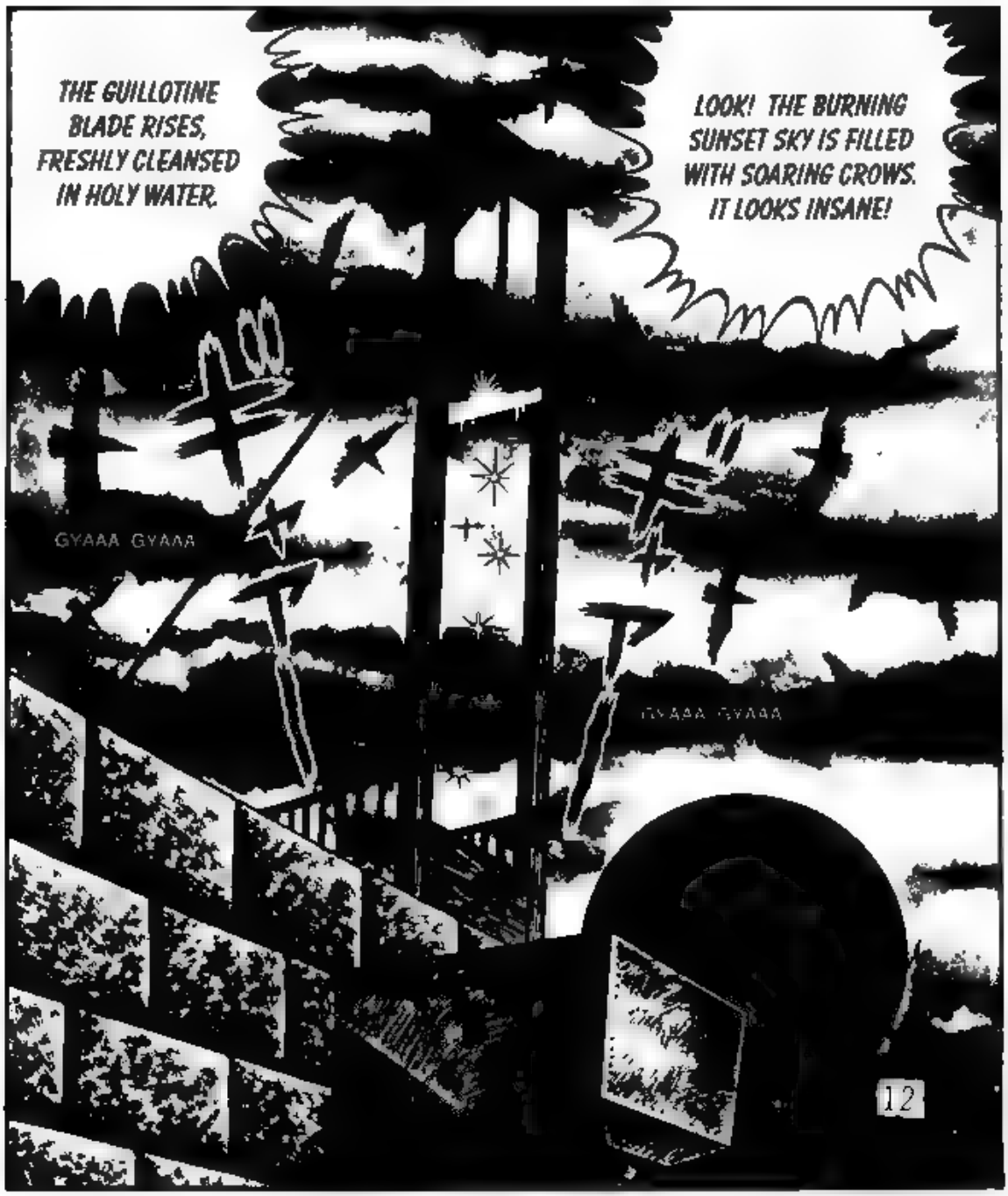
FOR THIS MASTERPIECE I DRINK HYDROCHLORIC ACID AND VOMIT UP BIG BLOOD CLOTS EVERY MORNING. IT'S MY DAILY ROUTINE.
うえ
MMPF BLUUH
10


IT ISN'T FINISHED YET . . . IT'S GOING TO BE A BREAKTHROUGH IN TECHNIQUE. THE WHOLE THING WILL BE BLACK AND WHITE—EXCEPT WHERE THERE IS BLOOD.

A PAINTING OF THE GUILLOTINE THAT TOWERS OVER MY HOUSE.
ゴゴゴ
CREEAK

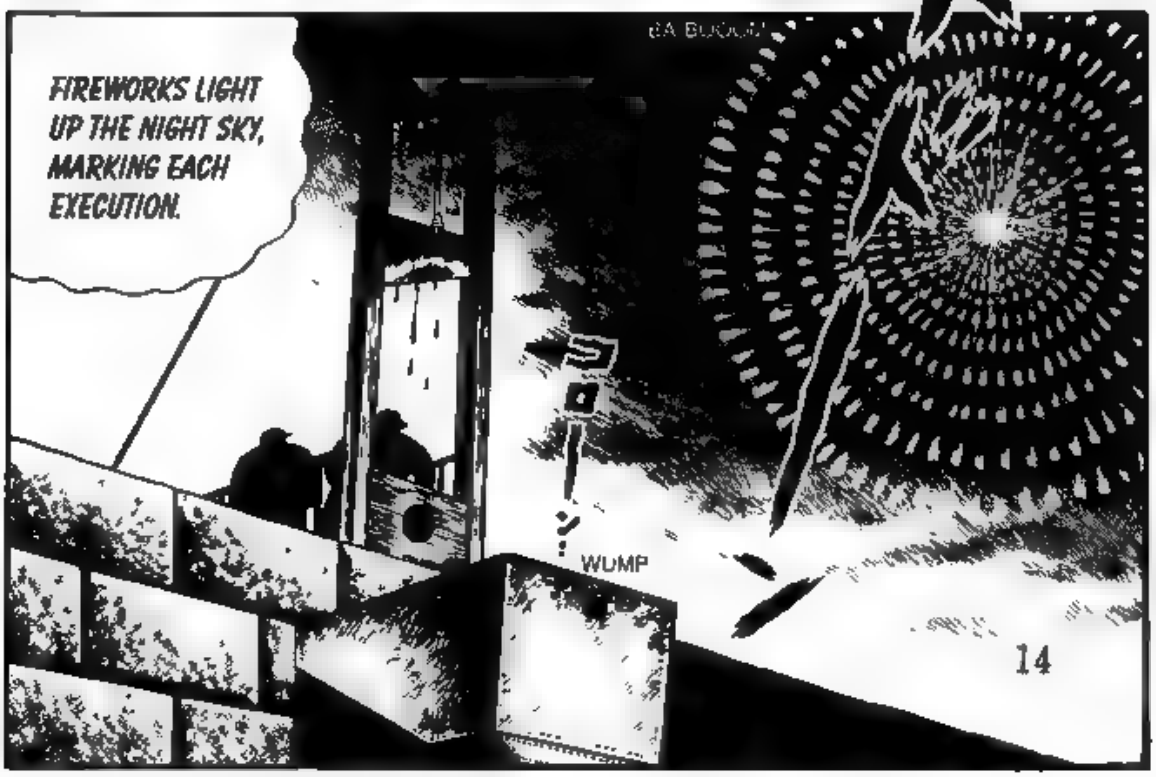
OK—THE FIRST ONE IS . . .
LISTEN, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE OTHER HELL PAINTINGS I'VE DONE.

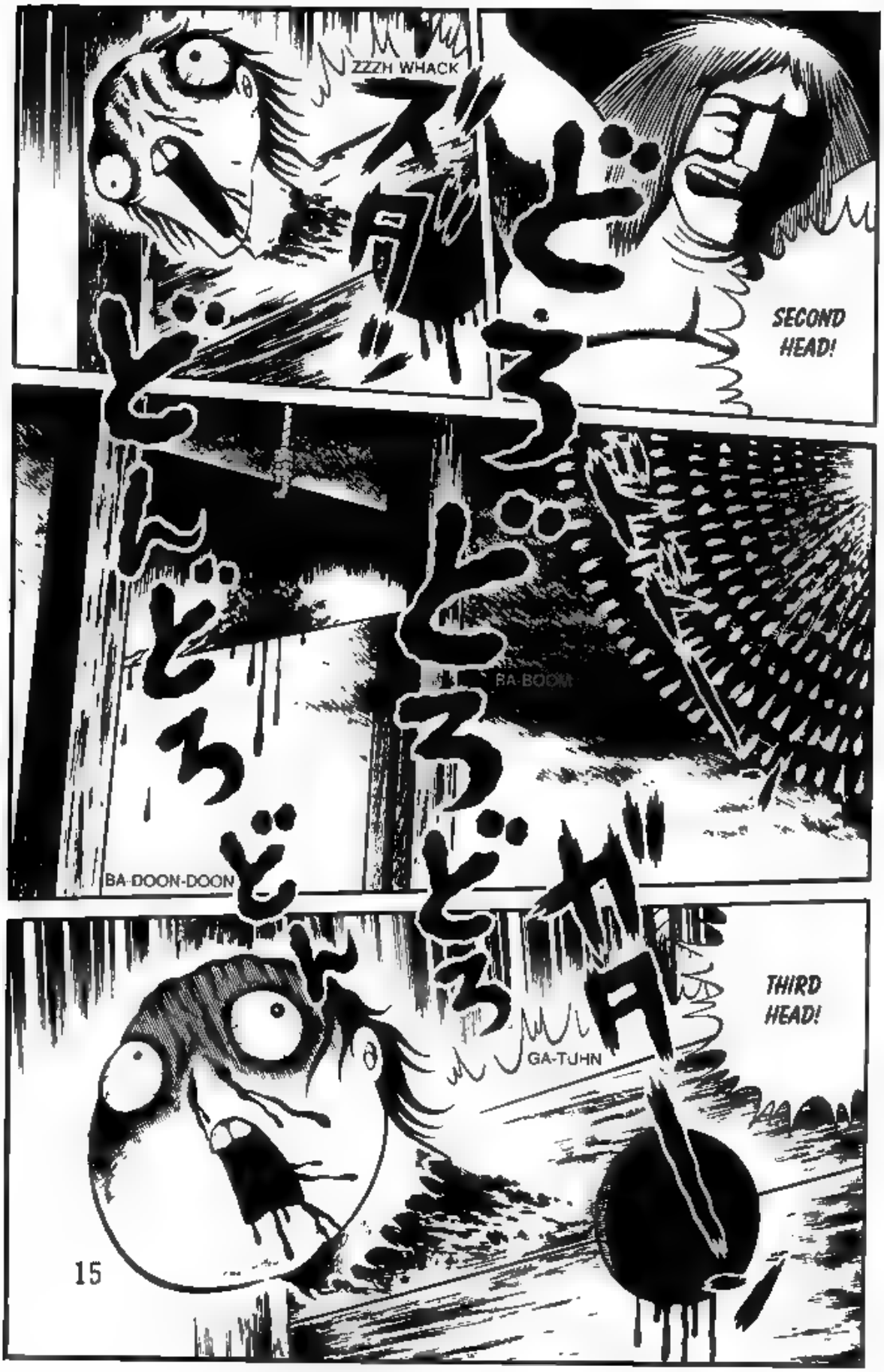
THE GUILLOTINE


THE GUILLOTINE BLADE RISES, FRESHLY CLEANSED IN HOLY WATER.
LOOK! THE BURNING SUNSET SKY IS FILLED WITH SOARING CROWS. IT LOOKS INSANE!
GYAAA GYAAA
GYAAA GYAAA
12

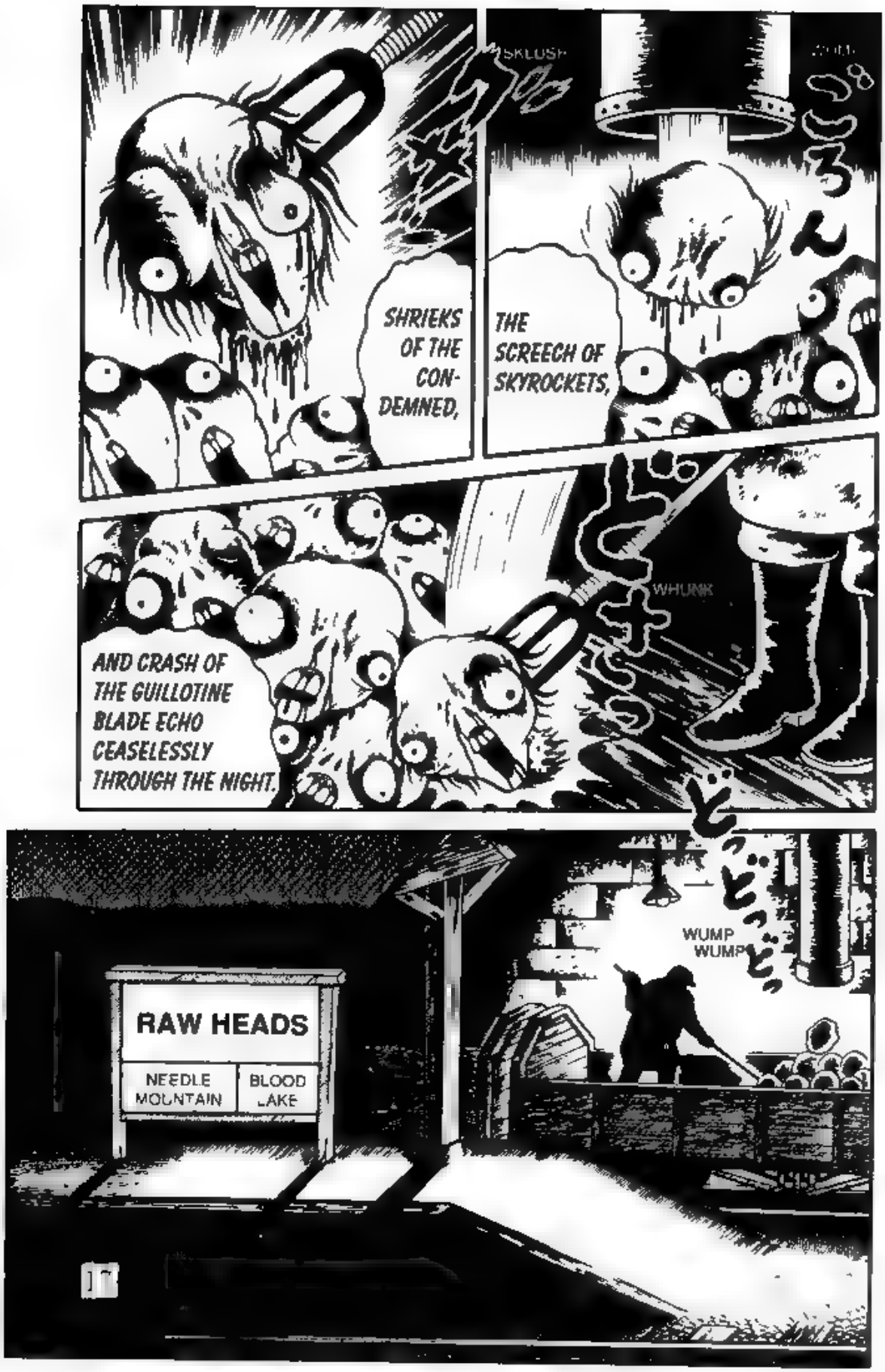
HHHUUUH!
BA-DOOM
BA-DOON
FIRST HEAD!
YES! YES!

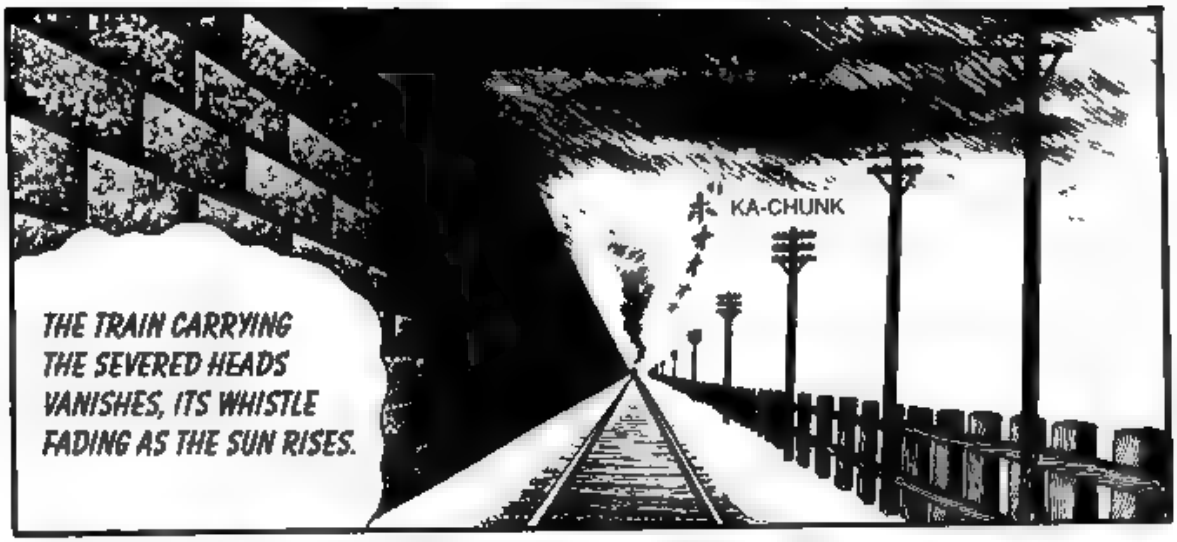
ZZZH-WHACK


FIREWORKS LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY, MARKING EACH EXECUTION.
WUMP

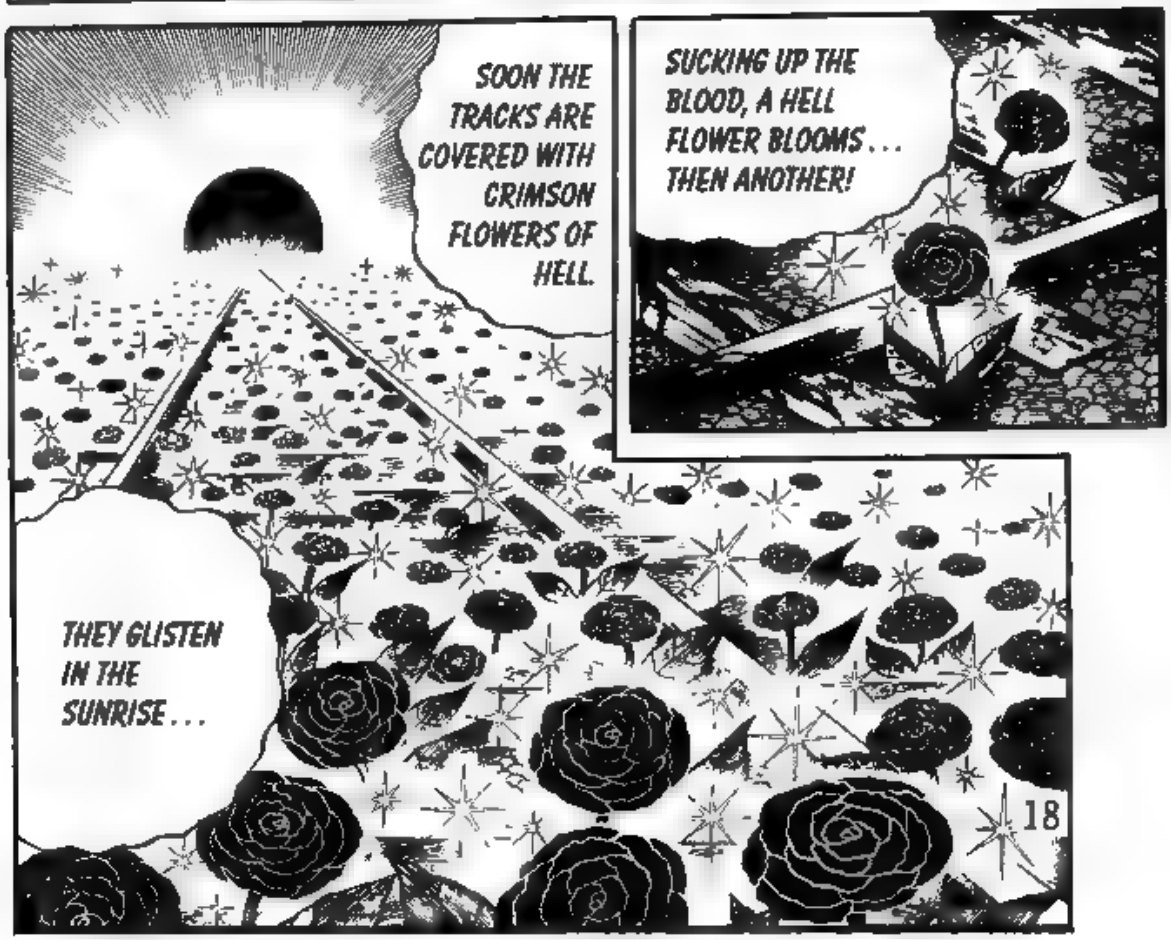

ZZZH WHACK
ズバッ
SECOND HEAD!
どろ
どろ
BA-BOOM
BA-DOON-DOON
どろ
どろ
GA-TUHN
THIRD HEAD!

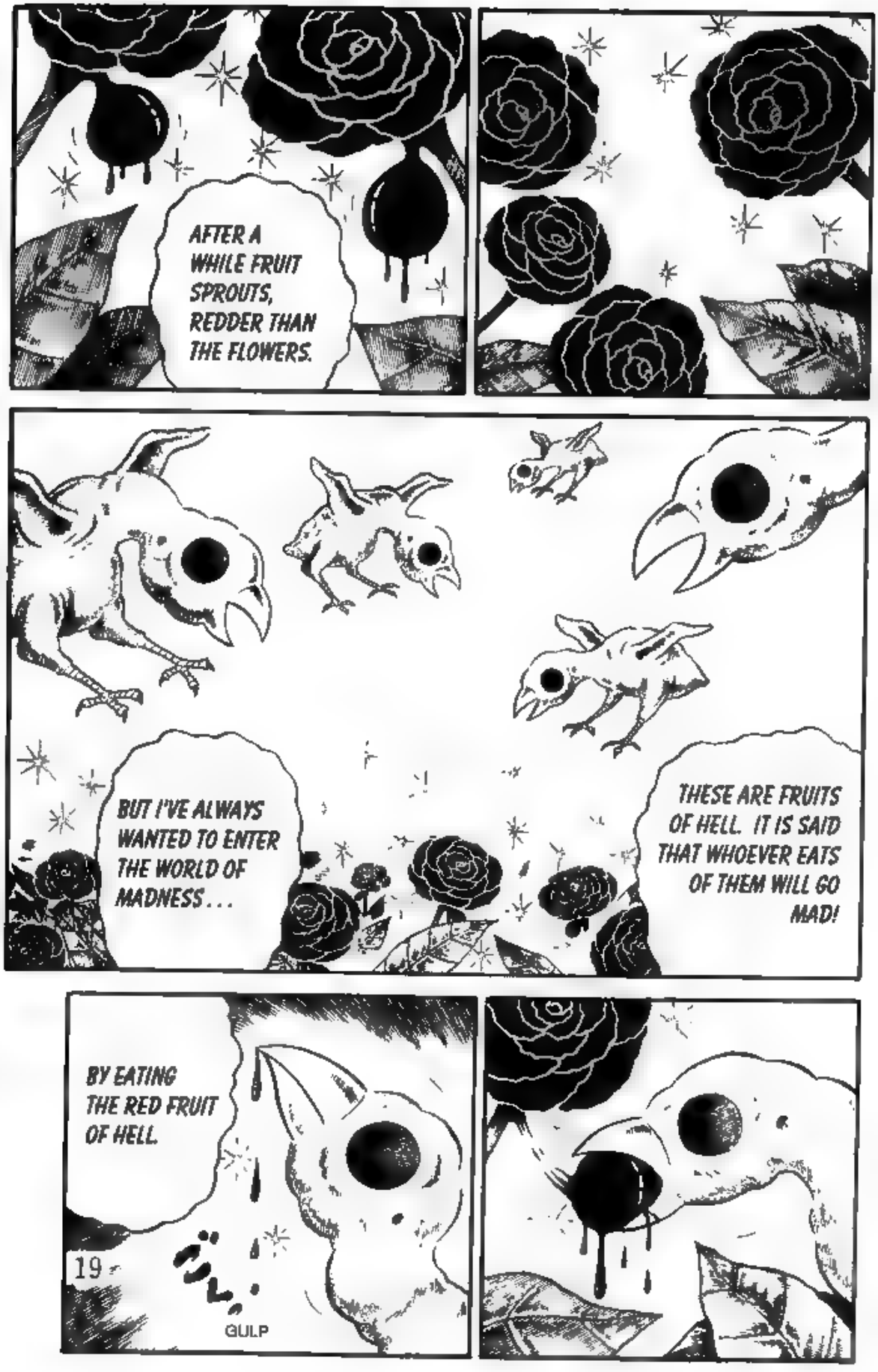
ALL THE SEVERED HEADS ARE COLLECTED IN A LARGE HOPPER . . .
FROM WHICH THEY ARE DUMPED INTO A GONDOLA CAR. THIS HIDEOUS WORK GOES ON ALL NIGHT LONG.
ZZZH WHACK
16


SHRIEKS OF THE CON-DEMNED,
SKLUSH
THE SCREECH OF SKYROCKETS,
WHUNK
AND CRASH OF THE GUILLOTINE BLADE ECHO CEASELESSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT.
RAW HEADS
NEEDLE MOUNTAIN
BLOOD LAKE
WUMP WUMP


KA-CHUNK
THE TRAIN CARRYING THE SEVERED HEADS VANISHES, ITS WHISTLE FADING AS THE SUN RISES.

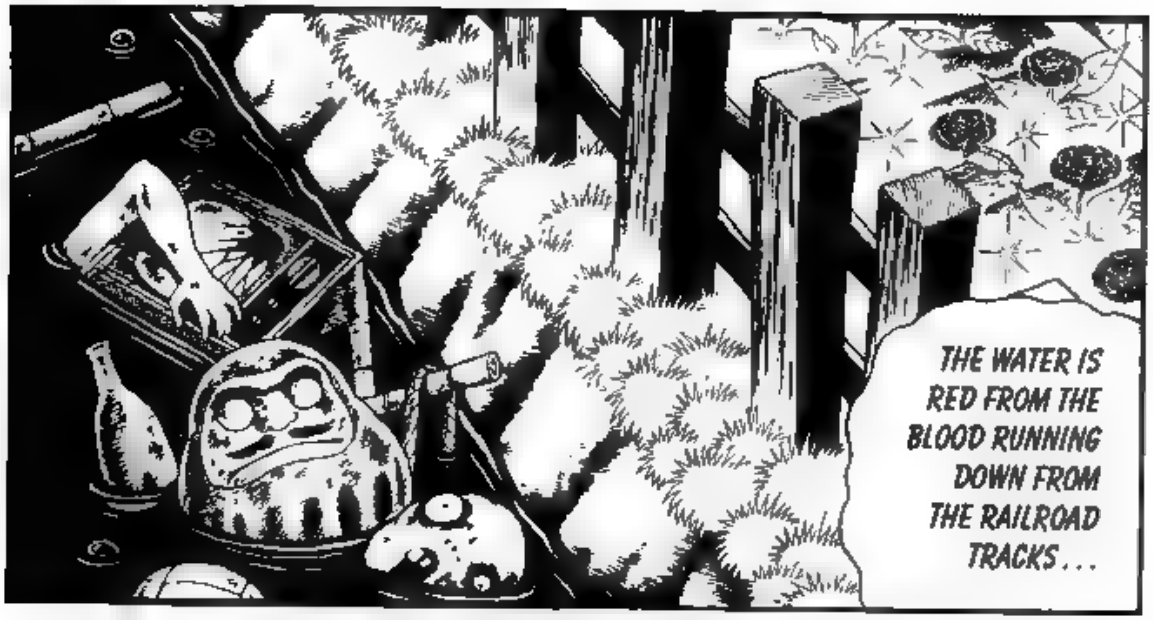
THE TRAIN LEAVES...
THE TRACKS STAINED RED WITH BLOOD.


SOON THE TRACKS ARE COVERED WITH CRIMSON FLOWERS OF HELL.
SUCKING UP THE BLOOD, A HELL FLOWER BLOOMS... THEN ANOTHER!
THEY GLISTEN IN THE SUNRISE...


AFTER A WHILE FRUIT SPROUTS, REDDER THAN THE FLOWERS.
BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ENTER THE WORLD OF MADNESS...
THESE ARE FRUITS OF HELL. IT IS SAID THAT WHOEVER EATS OF THEM WILL GO MAD!
BY EATING THE RED FRUIT OF HELL.
GULP
19

THE BOTTOMLESS RIVER OF HELL

IS OF THE BOTTOMLESS RIVER OF HELL.
AND NOW, THE NEXT PAINTING...
HELL RIVER RUNS ALONGSIDE THE RAILROAD. NO ONE KNOWS HOW DEEP IT IS.
質
20

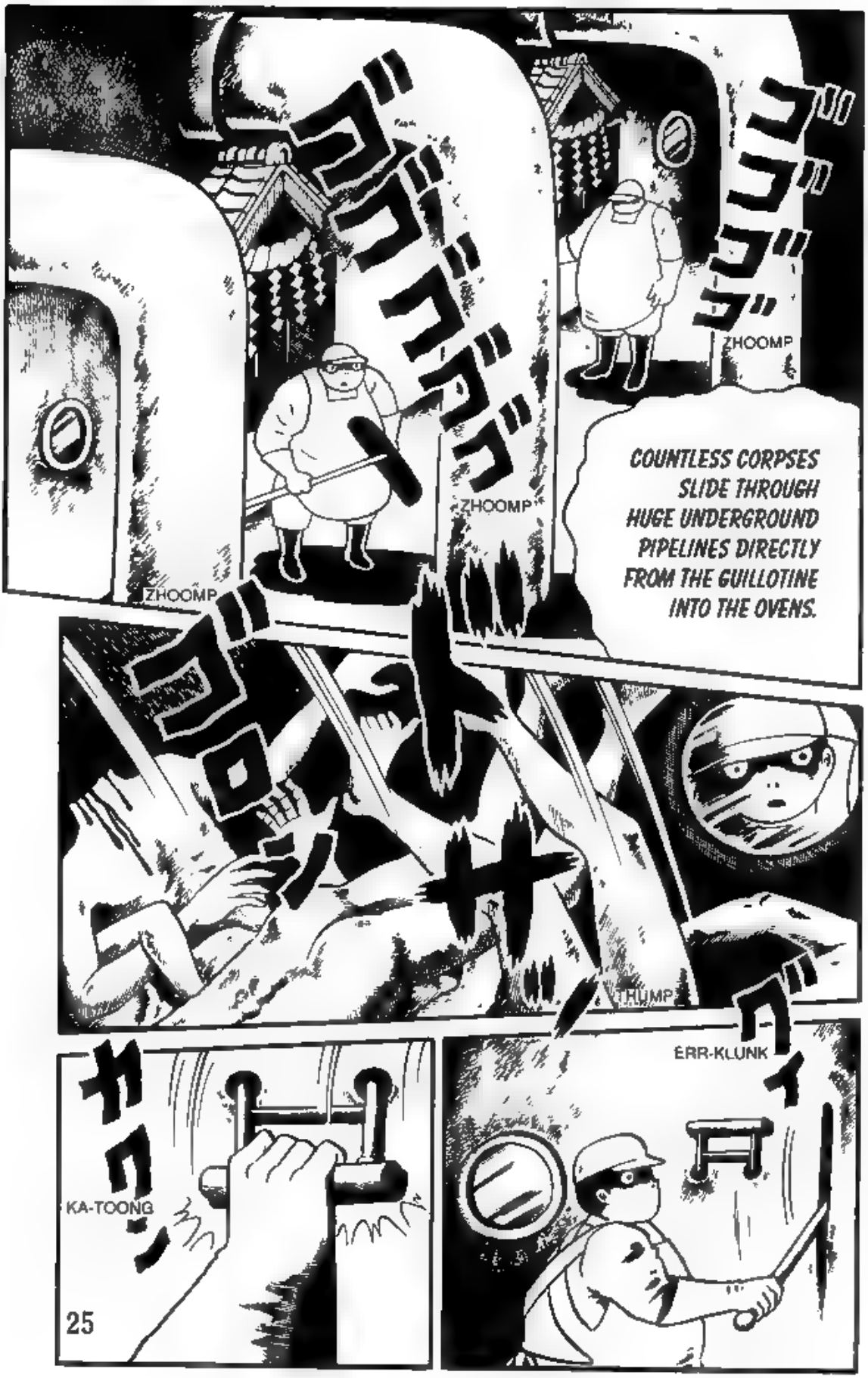

THE WATER IS RED FROM THE BLOOD RUNNING DOWN FROM THE RAILROAD TRACKS...

AND INNUMERABLE HUMAN AND ANIMAL CARCASSES (WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY COME FROM) BOB UP AND DOWN IN THE NEVER-ENDING STREAM OF GARBAGE AND STINKING DEBRIS.
昭和残侠伝
唐獅子牡丹
21

SLUK SLUK
THE ANIMALS THAT LIVE ON THE SHORE AND RIVERBED ARE ALL STAINED DARK RED— LIKE THE RIVER.
SPLASH
THEY EAT THE GARBAGE AND CORPSES...
SLURP
GA-LUP
GULP

QUEE
QUEE
THAT'S HOW THEY SURVIVE.
AND DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER.
NOW THIS ONE . . .
ROAR
CRACKLE
SOUNDS AS THOUGH IT WERE COMING FROM INSIDE THE EARTH.
THE RUMBLE OF ITS BIG INCINERATOR . . .
IS OF THE CREMATO-RIUM NEXT DOOR.

THE CREMATORIUM OF HEADLESS CORPSES


ゴゴゴゴ
ZHOOMP
ゴゴゴゴゴ
ZHOOMP
ZHOOMP
COUNTLESS CORPSES SLIDE THROUGH HUGE UNDERGROUND PIPELINES DIRECTLY FROM THE GUILLOTINE INTO THE OVENS.
ゴロ
THUMP
ガン
KA-TOONG
ERR-KLUNK

THE SIGHT OF FRESH CORPSES BROILING IS REMARKABLE!
RRROAR

SUDDENLY SOME OF THEM BEGIN TO RISE...

LIKE DANCING SHRIMP OR SQUID...
THEIR BODIES AND LIMBS TWIST AND BEND BACK-WARDS.

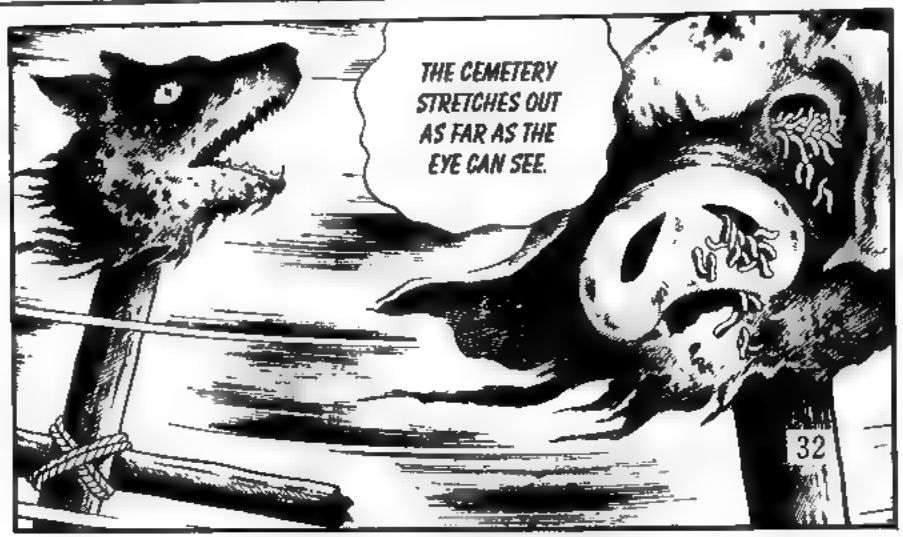
LIKE THEY'RE DANCING MADLY AMID THE BLAZING FLAMES.

HEE HEE HEE HEE
YOU REALLY LIKE IT, HUH?
I ALWAYS ASK THE ATTENDANTS TO LET ME WATCH FROM THE PORTHOLE.
RROAR
IT'S SO EXCITING!
OOOOOH!
DRIPPING FAT! CRUMBLING BONES!
THE SMELL OF BURNING FLESH... BLISTERED RED SKIN!
DANCE! DANCE! MORE! MORE! FURIOUSLY! IN AGONY! AND MADLY! OH YES! DANCE INSANELY...MORE AND MORE! DANCE AND GO MAD! HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!
RROARRR
LOOK! THE MAD DANCE OF HEADLESS CORPSES!
28
29

THE GRAVEYARD OF EXECUTED PRISONERS

HYUUUU
HYUUUU

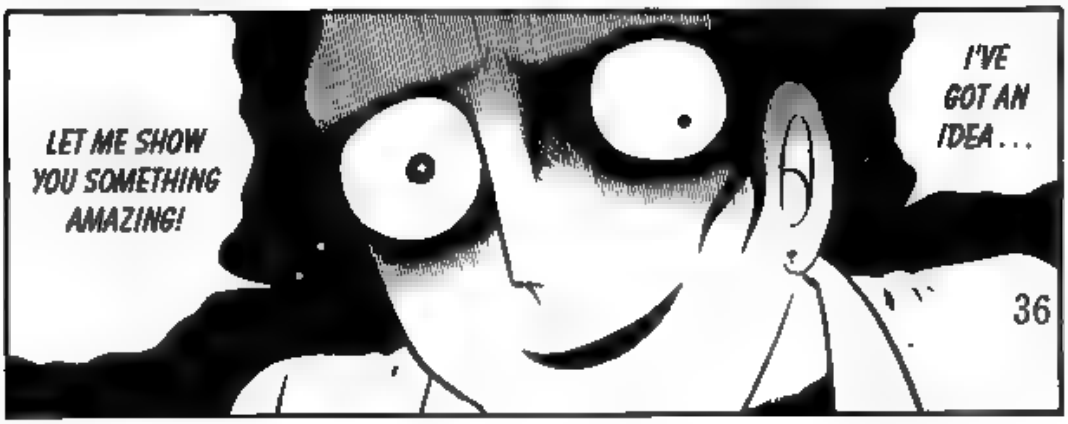
THEY WATCH OVER THE DEAD IN MEMORIAM.
ANIMAL HEADS SIT ATOP THE GRAVE MARKERS.
33

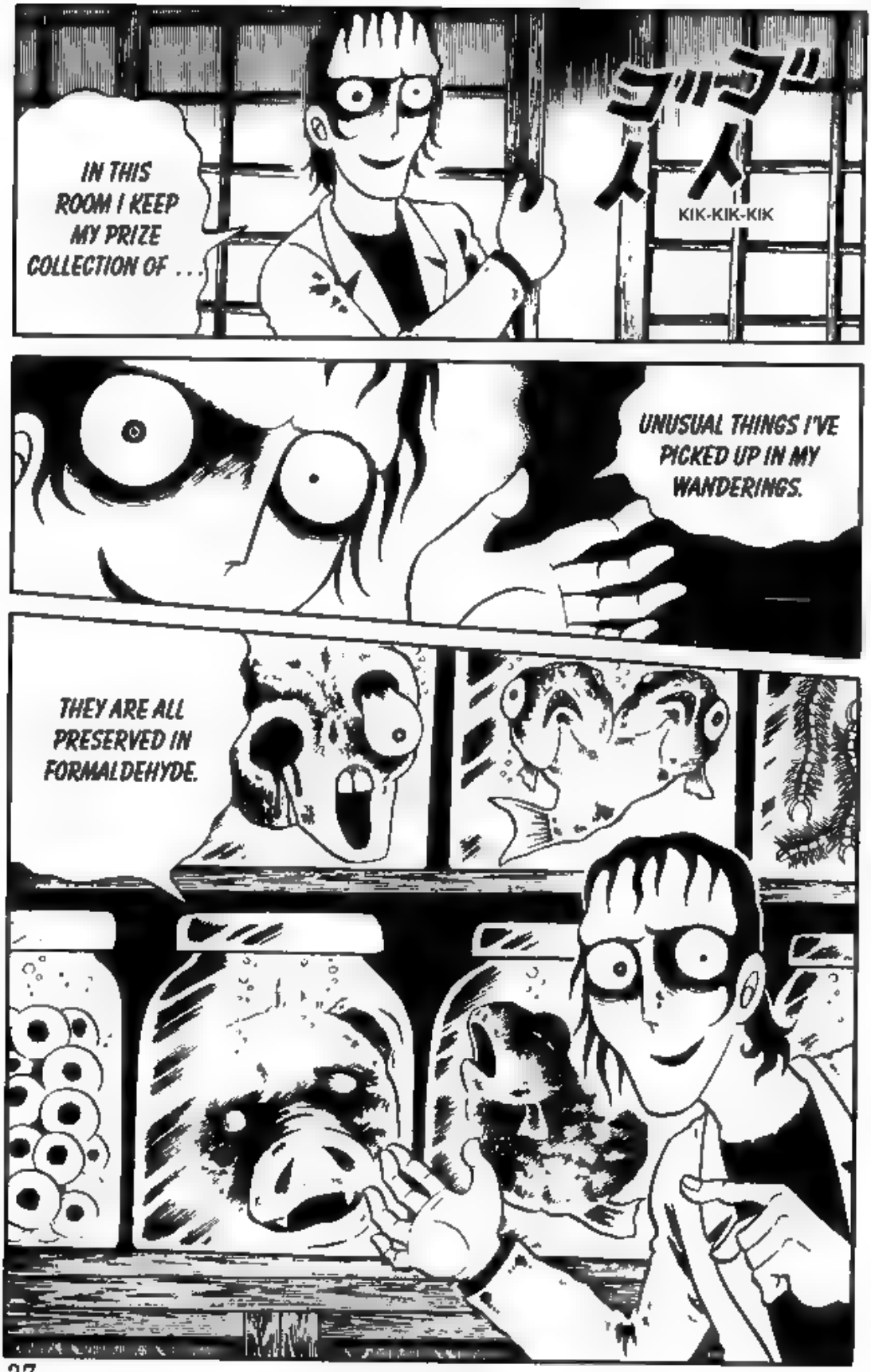

THE CEMETERY STRETCHES OUT AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.
32

AT NIGHT THE MOON RISES, AN ENORMOUS CRIMSON SICKLE DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.
GHOSTS OF THE BEHEADED CORPSES RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES.
AAAH! I DON'T HAVE MY HEAD!
WHERE IS MY HEAD?
THIS ISN'T MY HEAD!
OH, THIS ISN'T MINE EITHER!
ALL NIGHT THEY WANDER THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD MUMBLING AND SEARCHING FOR THEIR HEADS.
MY HEAD!
WHERE IS MY HEAD?
. . . .MY HEAD. . .

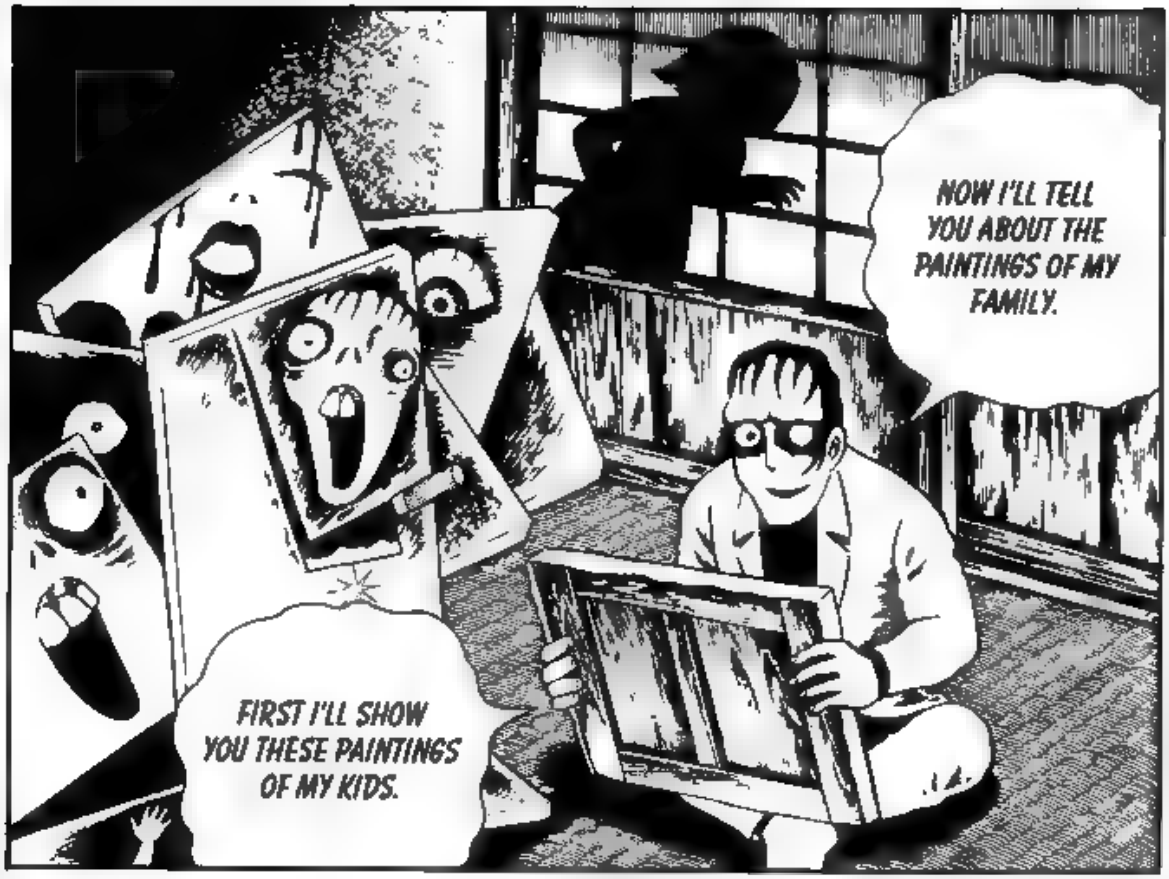
I CAN WATCH IT ALL THROUGH MY WINDOW.

SSSIIIONK
AND THEY INSPIRE ME WITH THE IMAGES OF HELL I NEED FOR MY WORK.
I OFTEN STROLL AMONG THESE PLACES...

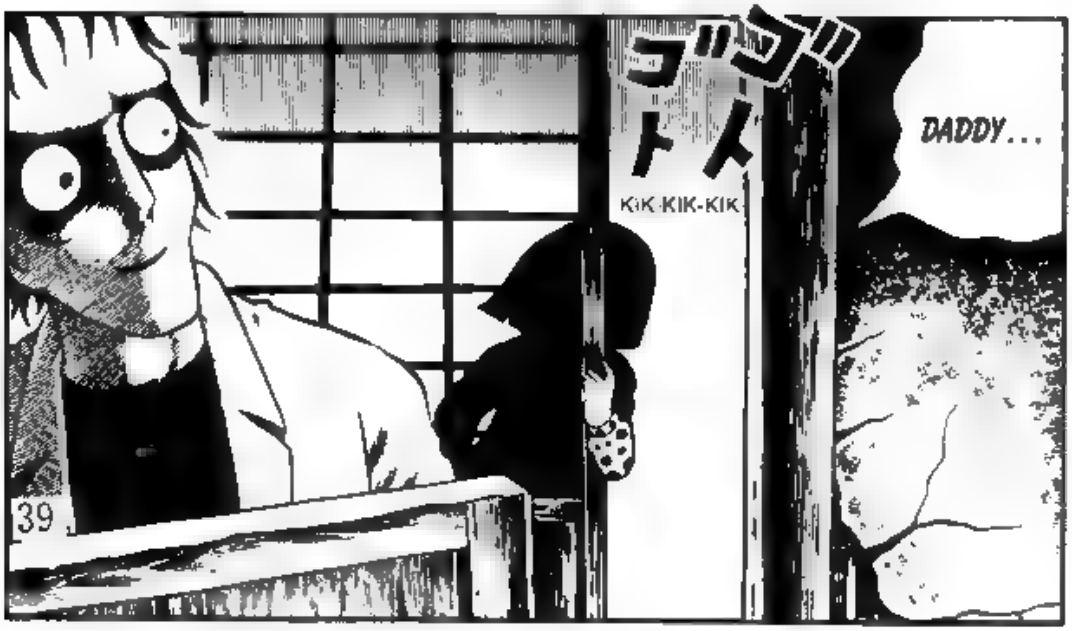

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING AMAZING!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA...


IN THIS ROOM I KEEP MY PRIZE COLLECTION OF . . .
KIK-KIK-KIK
UNUSUAL THINGS I'VE PICKED UP IN MY WANDERINGS.
THEY ARE ALL PRESERVED IN FORMALDEHYDE.

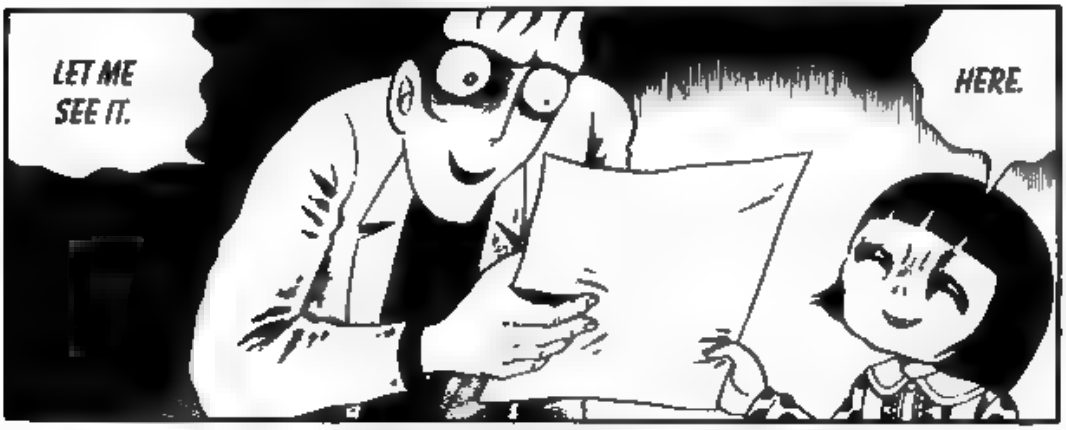
HOW ABOUT THESE THINGS?
AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL?
HEH, HEH... GREAT STUFF...
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MORE BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION?



THE DREAM OF KRAZY BOY

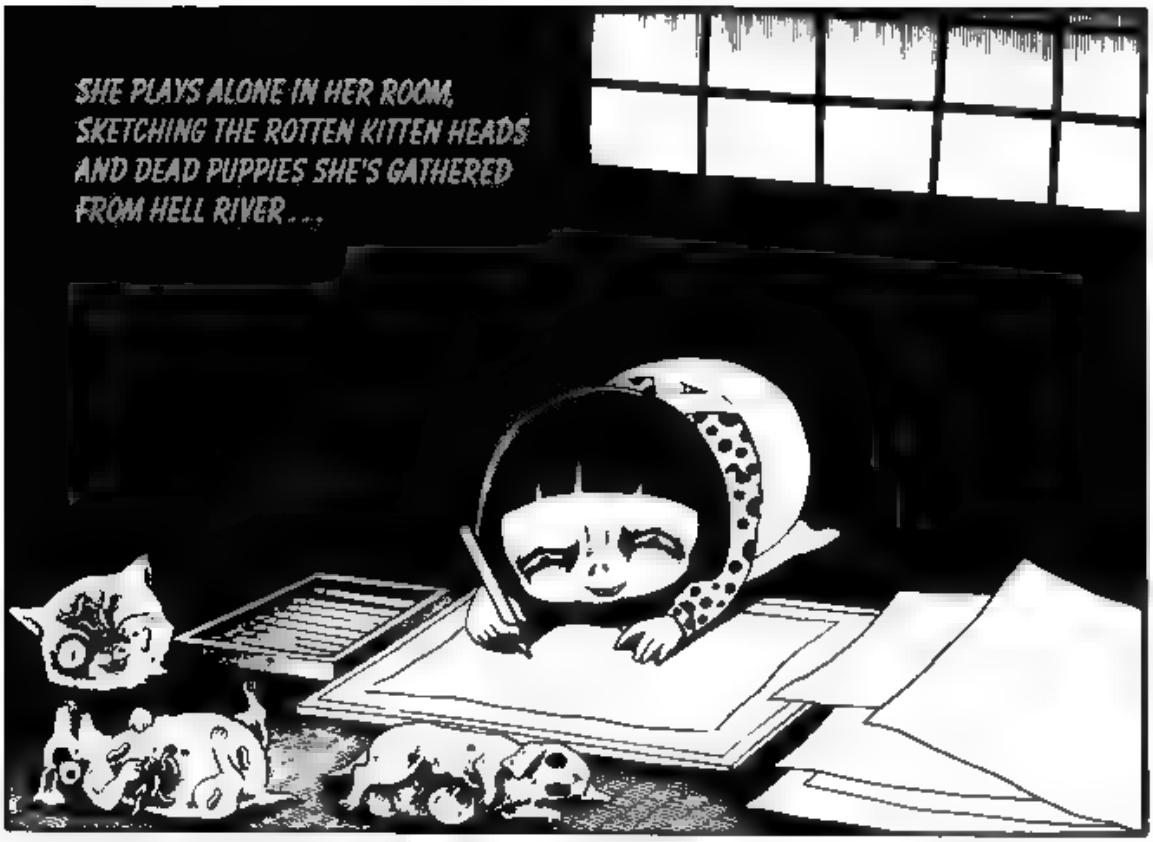


DADDY, COULD YOU LOOK AT MY DRAWING?
TEE HEE HEE

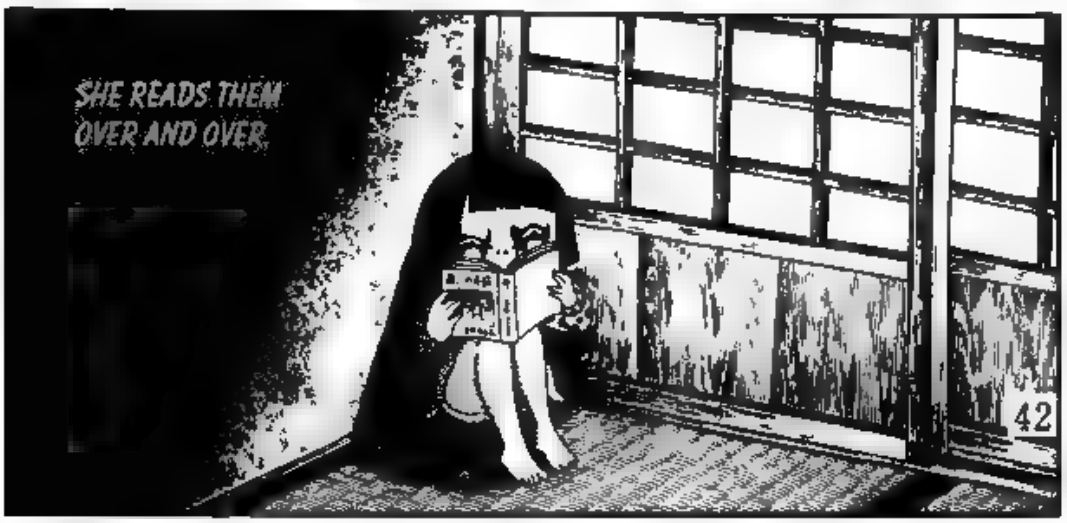

LET ME SEE IT.
HERE.

YOU DID VERY WELL.
OKAY
Yeow!
Gimme that FOOD!

OH YES— ABSOLUTELY!
REALLY?
HEH, HEH.
WOWEE! GOODY GOODY! DADDY, NEXT TIME I'LL DRAW EVEN BETTER STUFF!
I GUESS SHE TAKES AFTER ME.
THAT'S MY DAUGHTER— HER NAME IS KRAZY GIRL.

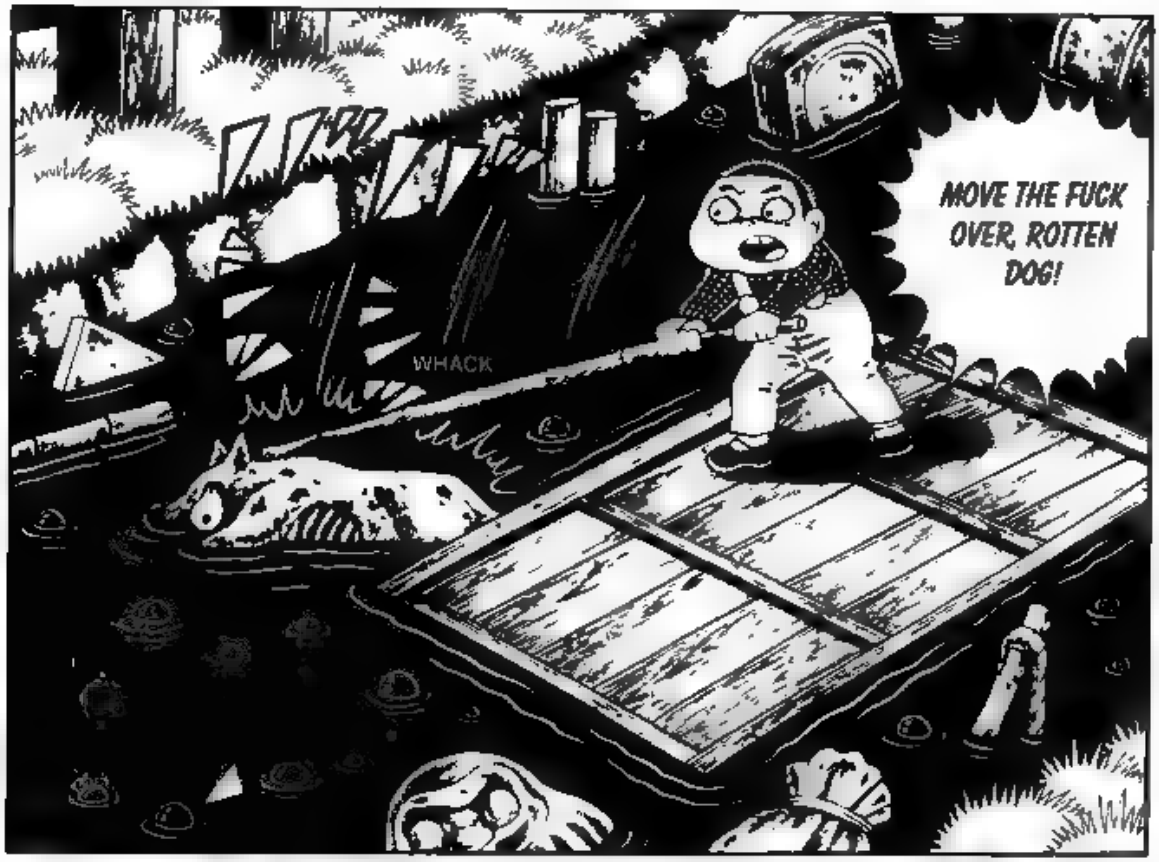

SHE PLAYS ALONE IN HER ROOM,
SKETCHING THE ROTTEN KITTEN HEADS
AND DEAD PUPPIES SHE'S GATHERED
FROM HELL RIVER...

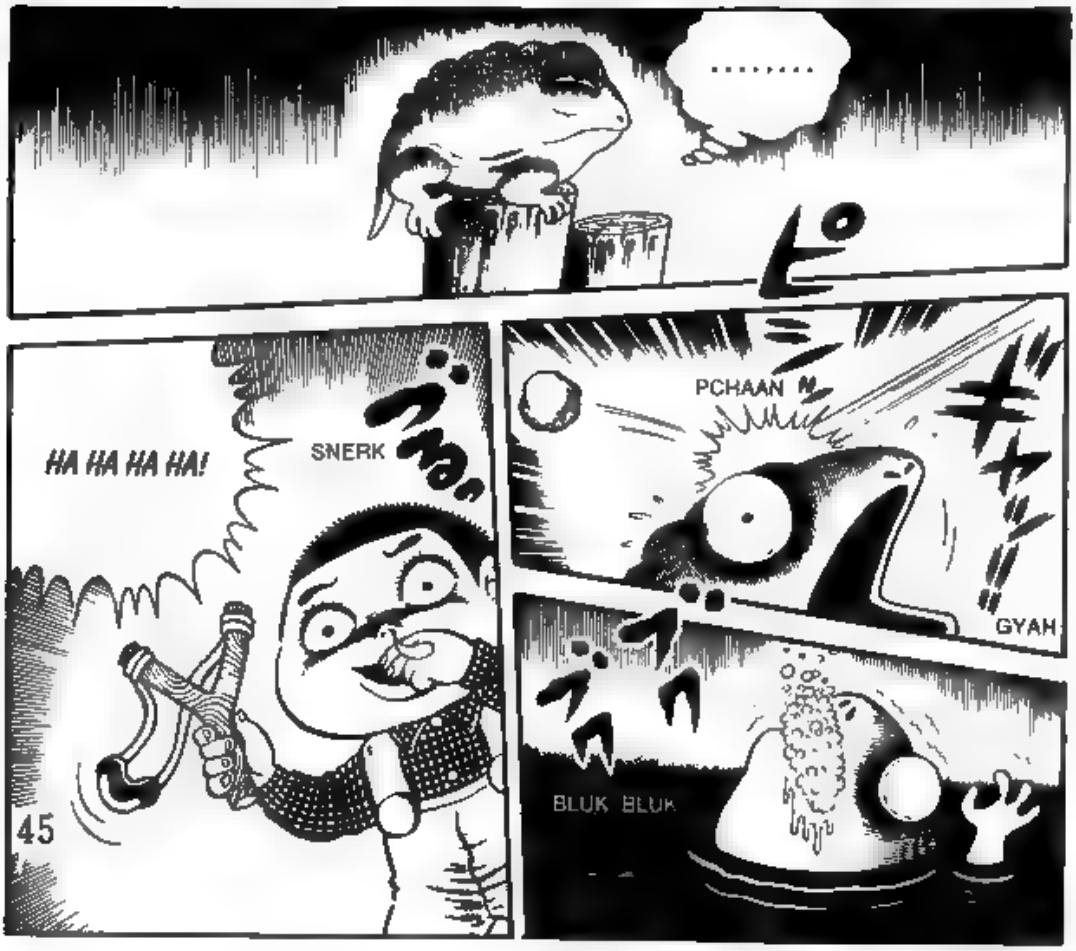
AND COLLECTS
BOOKS BY THE
WEIRDEST COMIC
BOOK ARTISTS.
地獄の子守唄 日野日出志
蔵六の奇病 日野日出志
幻色の祠島 日野日出志
わたしの赤ちゃん 日野日出志
毒虫小僧 日野日出志
まだらの卵 日野日出志
心霊列車 日野日出志
地獄小僧 日野日出志
怪物のモンスター 日野日出志
all books by Hideshi Hino


SHE READS THEM
OVER AND OVER.

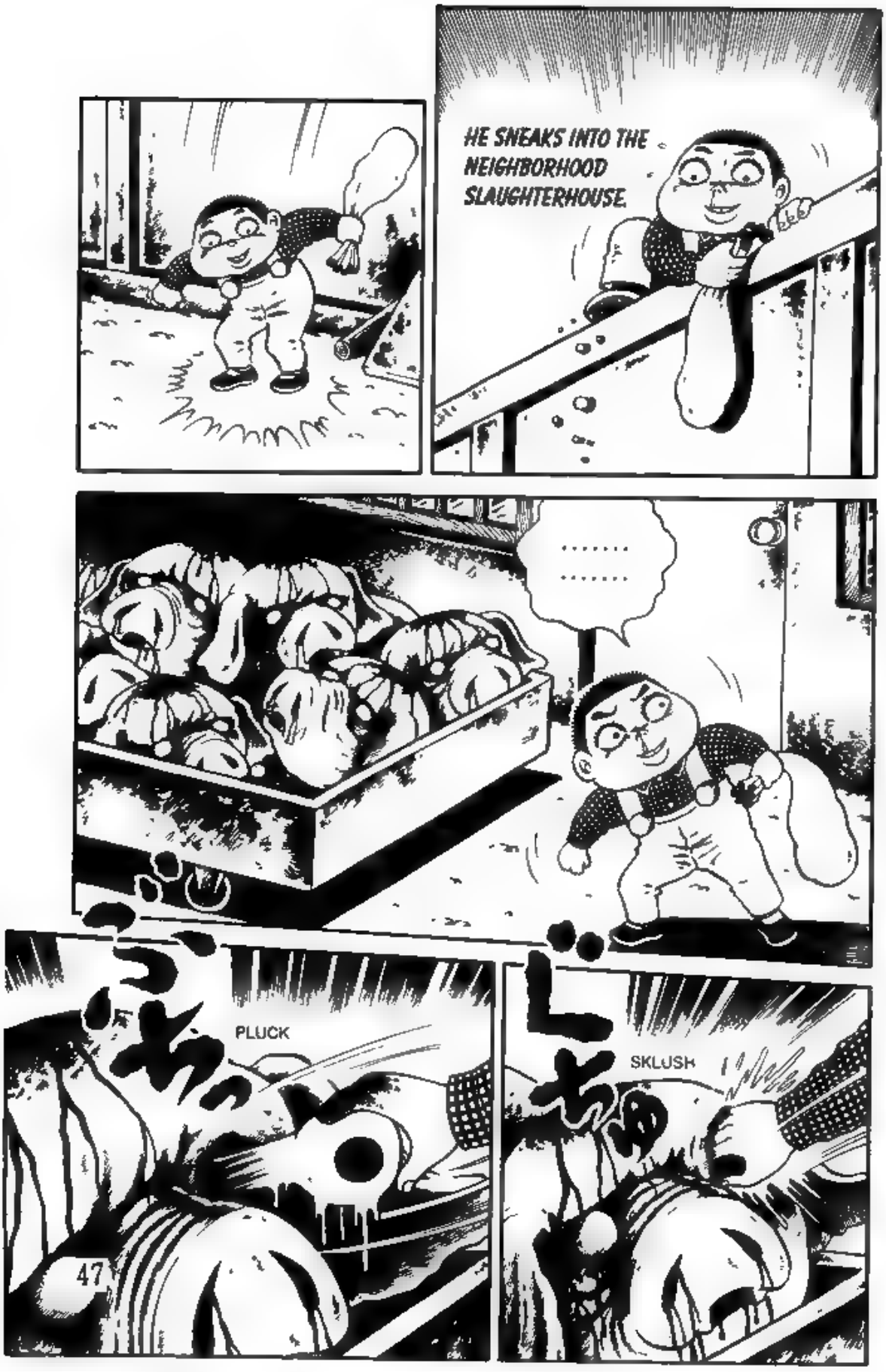
USING SHADOW PUPPETS, SHE STAGES LITTLE PLAYS FROM THE COMIC BOOKS FOR HER YOUNGER BROTHER.
MAGGOTS CRAWL OUT OF ZOROKU'S TUMOR AND THEN A SEVEN-COLORED PUS OOZES OUT.

YAY! SIS! IT'S GREAT!
きゃはは
KYA HA HA
HEH, HEH.
KRAZY BOY DOESN'T STAY INSIDE LIKE HIS SISTER.
SNERK
EEEEEEEEEEE! YAAAAAAAAA!
HE RUNS AROUND OUTSIDE SCREAMING HIS HEAD OFF!

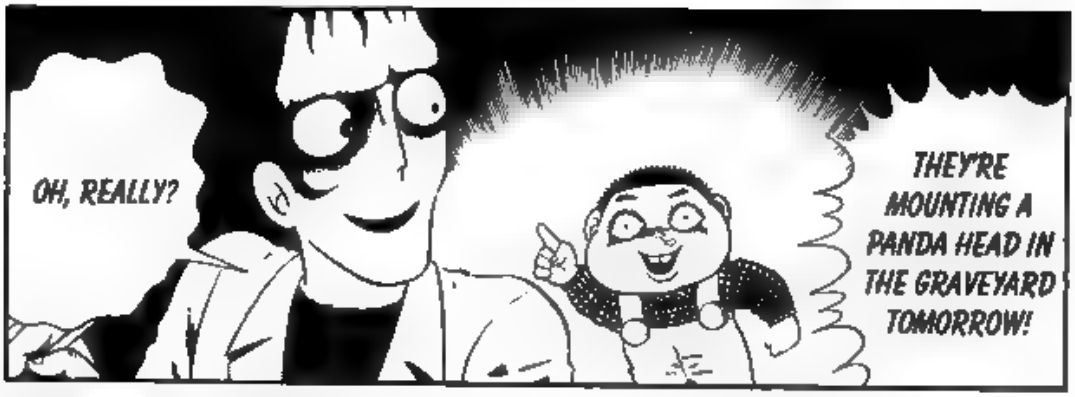

WHACK
MOVE THE FUCK OVER, ROTTEN DOG!


.....
HA HA HA HA!
SNERK
PCHAAN
GYAH
BLUK BLUK

FLAP
FLAP
GYAAA
I GOT IT!
HOW ABOUT IT, FUCKING CROWS!
KYA HA HA
HEH HEH HEH.
BOK
SON OF A BITCH!


HE SNEAKS INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
.....
.....
PLUCK
SKLUSH

HE STEALS LOTS OF PIGS' EYEBALLS.
HEH, HEH.
HE LICKS THEM LIKE LOLLIPOPS.
WHAT A HAUL!
DADDY, DADDY!
TONK
YES, SON?


OH, REALLY?
THEY'RE MOUNTING A PANDA HEAD IN THE GRAVEYARD TOMORROW!

OH YEAH? GREAT!!

I'M GONNA SWIPE IT SO YOU CAN PUT IT IN YOUR COLLECTION!
YEAH!

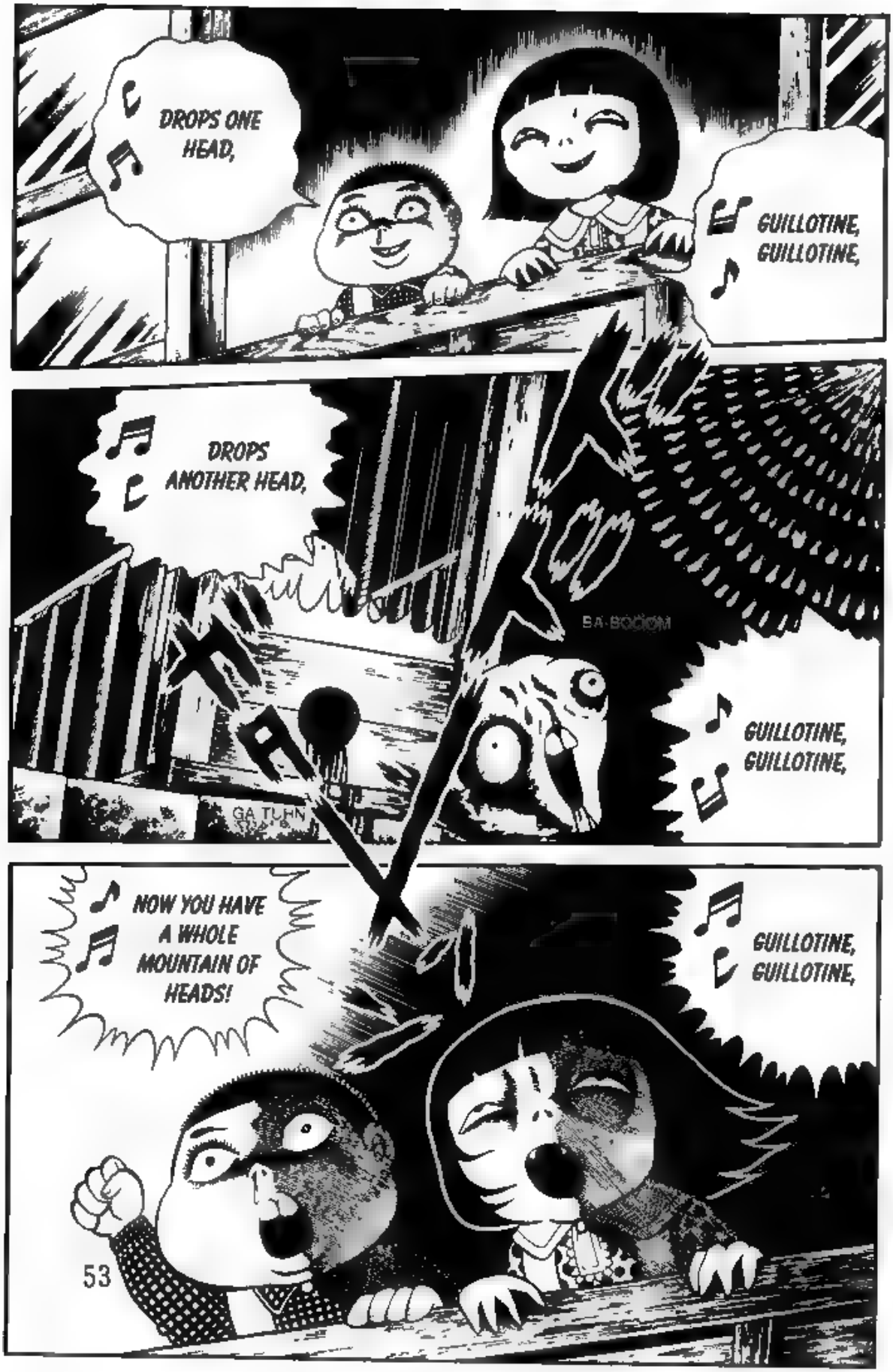
STOP! I'M TICKLISH!
KYA HA HA
WHAT A SWEET KID YOU ARE!

HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR! HOW COME YOU ONLY LICK KRAZY BOY?

KYA HA HA HA
OH DADDY, TEE HEE HEE
LICK LICK
SURE, YOU TOO, MY LITTLE DOLLY!
ONE TIME KRAZY BOY BROUGHT BACK A SACK OF CROWS' EGGS.
WHEN HE BROKE AN EGG, A SLIPPERY LITTLE EMBRYO SLID OUT. YOU COULD SEE ITS TINY BLOOD VESSELS RIGHT THROUGH ITS SKIN.
SPLAT

SLURP
UMMMMM
IF YOU WANNA EAT SOME, GO GET 'EM YOURSELF!
C'MON, GIMME SOME!
HE AND KRAZY GIRL GOT INTO A VICIOUS FIGHT OVER THE EGGS.
YAAAAAA!
ASH
SCRATCH

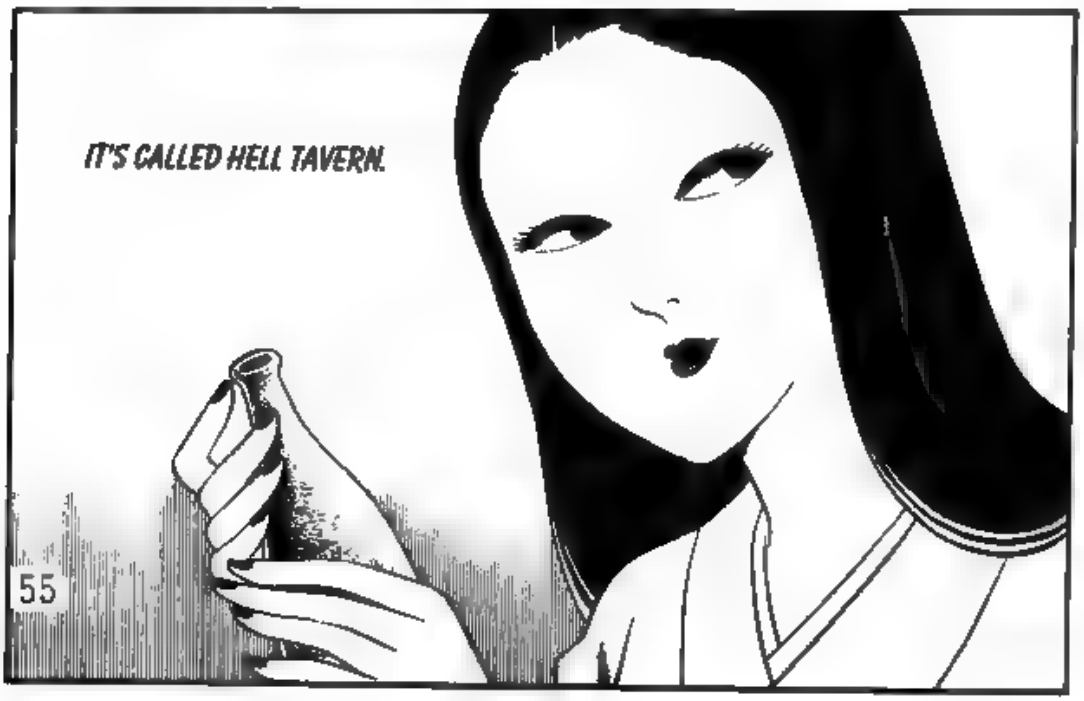
A TUHN
KOO
KOO
BUT USUALLY THEY GET ALONG JUST FINE.
HOORAY!
YIPPEE!
BA BOOOM!

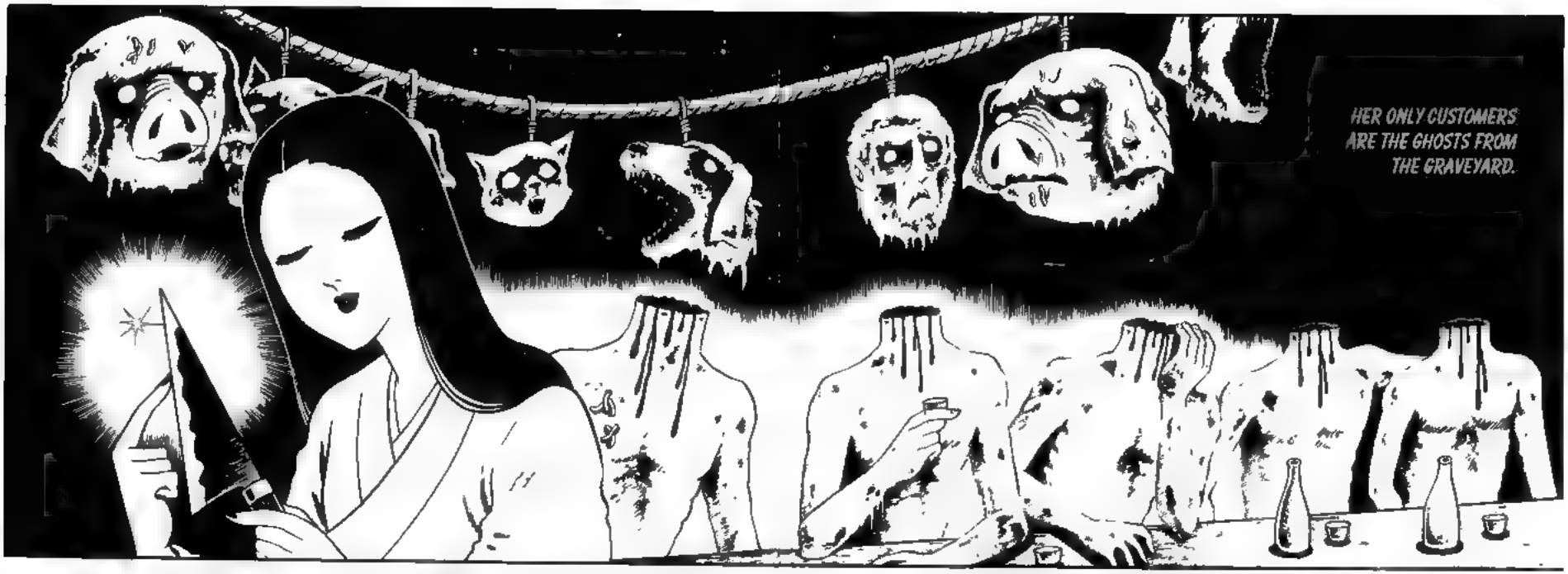

DROPS ONE HEAD,
GUILLOTINE, GUILLOTINE,
DROPS ANOTHER HEAD,
BA-BOOM
GA TUHN
GUILLOTINE, GUILLOTINE,
NOW YOU HAVE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF HEADS!
GUILLOTINE, GUILLOTINE,

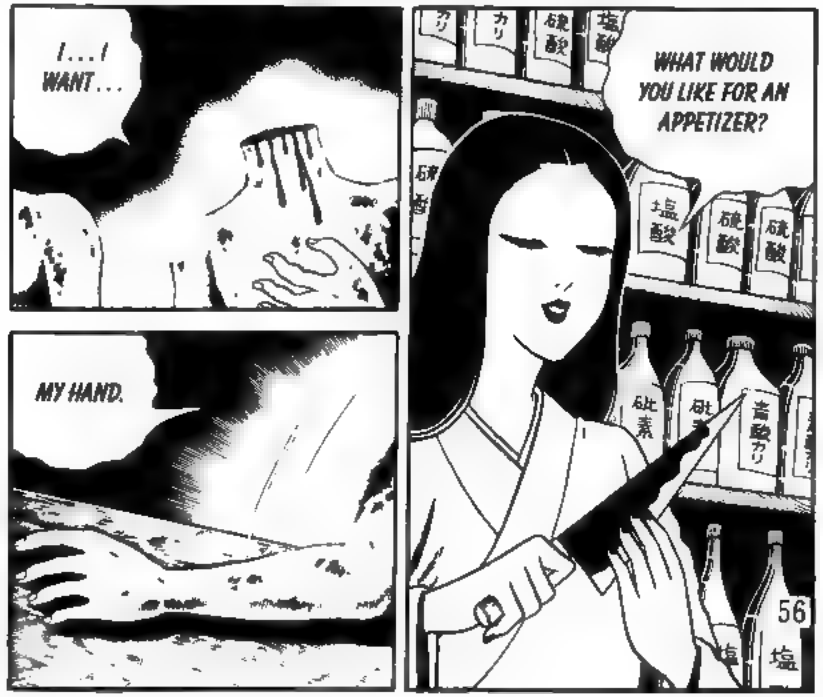
HELL TAVERN

THE PAINTING OF MY WIFE.
AND THIS IS...
PLEASE PUT THE KIDS TO BED.
HONEY, I'M GOING TO OPEN THE PLACE UP...

MY WIFE RUNS A TAVERN ON MAIN STREET.
BAR
お酒
地獄宿
TAVERN


IT'S CALLED HELL TAVERN.


HER ONLY CUSTOMERS ARE THE GHOSTS FROM THE GRAVEYARD.


I... I WANT...
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR AN APPETIZER?
MY HAND.
56

READY!
ZZZIP
57

CHOP
CHEERS!
WELL DONE!
HEEEEE HEEE HEE HEEEE...
CLAP CLAP
パチパチ
UMMM... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?
58

MARINATED, PLEASE.
I WANT MINE SKEWERED AND BROILED.
YES, SIR.
ANKLE FOR ME!
I'D LIKE ASS-SASHIMI.
I'LL HAVE IT DEEP-FRIED.
ME, TOO.
OH, AM I EVER BUSY!
HO HO HO
59

HERE YOU GO!
ME NEITHER!
I DON'T HAVE A MOUTH!
OH NO! I CAN'T EAT!
POOR THING... THAT'S SOOOOO SAD!
TSSSIK
THERE! NOW YOU'VE GOT A MOUTH!
CHJK

TSSSUK
AND YOUR MOUTH IS A CROSS!
TSSSIK
AND YOU GET ONE SIDEWAYS.
HOW'S THAT?
NYUM
GREAT JOB— AS USUAL.
OH WOW! IT'S FABULOUS!

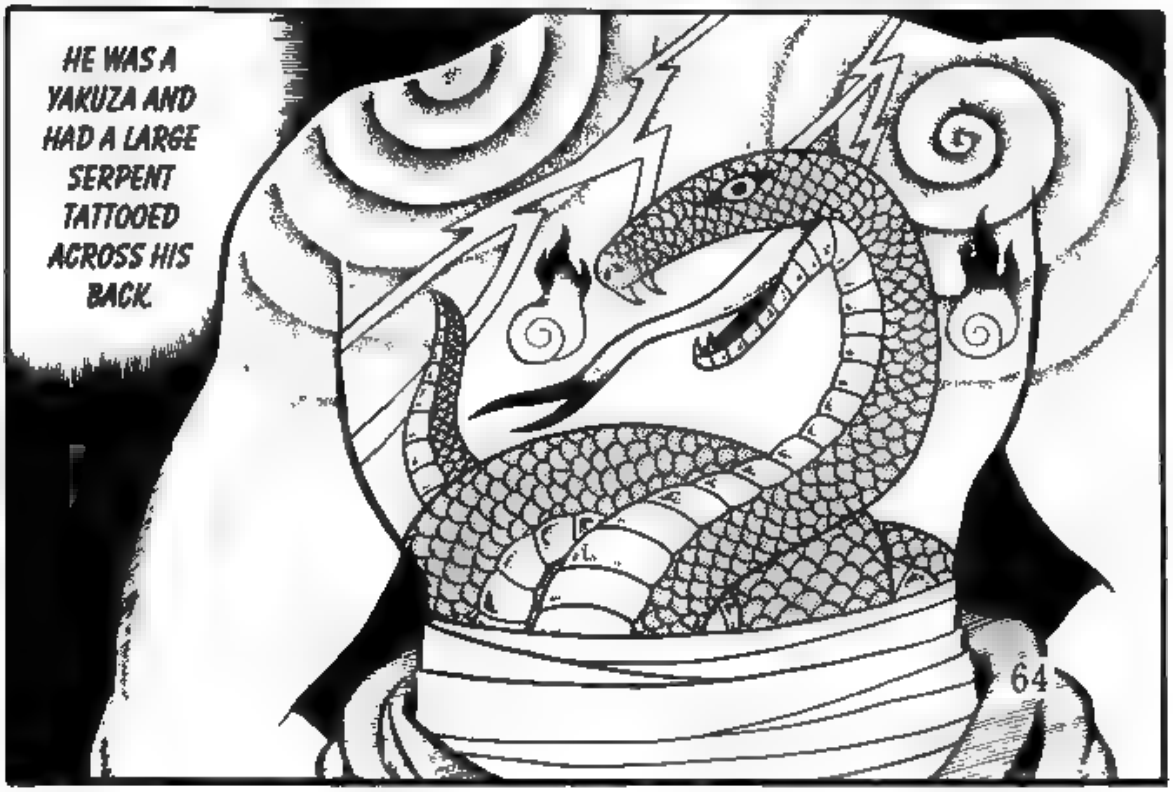
NYUM
もぐもぐ
WOW— THIS IS DELICIOUS!
NYUM
んが!!
MY ASS-SASHIMI TASTES ESPECIALLY GOOD WITH THIS HORSERADISH!
GA-LUP
カッ!!
NYAR
YEAH, SCRUMPTIOUS!

THE GHOSTS' SEVERED HANDS, ANKLES, AND HUNKS OF FLESH WILL GROW BACK THE NEXT DAY, AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS AGAIN THEY REPEAT IT ALL AT HELL TAVERN.

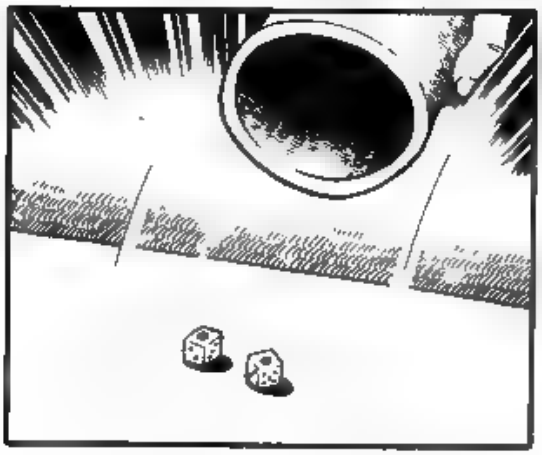
THREE GENERATIONS OF TATTOOS

PART 1: THE SNAKEMAN

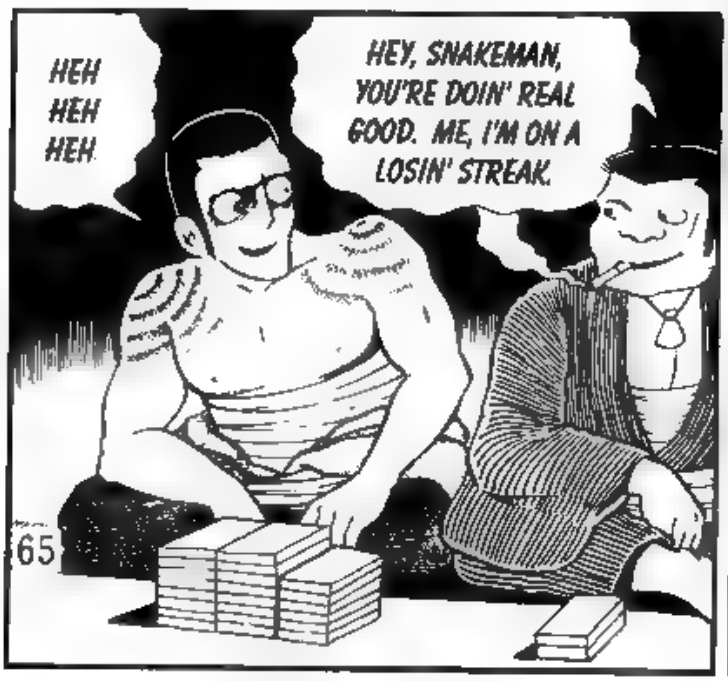
HE WAS A ROVING GAMBLER WHO TRAVELED FROM ONE GAMBLING DEN TO ANOTHER ALL ACROSS JAPAN.
THIS IS THE PAINTING OF MY GRAND-FATHER.

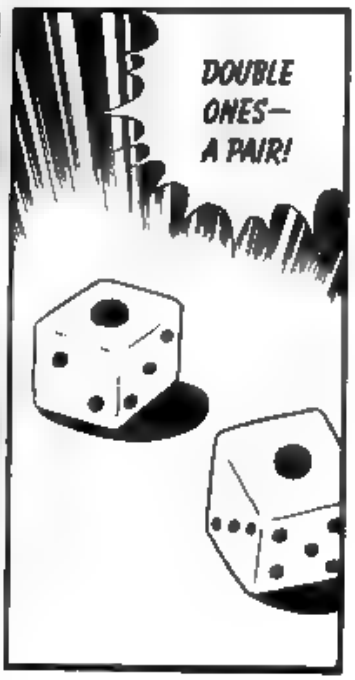


THAT'S WHY HE WAS NICKNAMED "SNAKEMAN."
ODD... EVEN... WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.

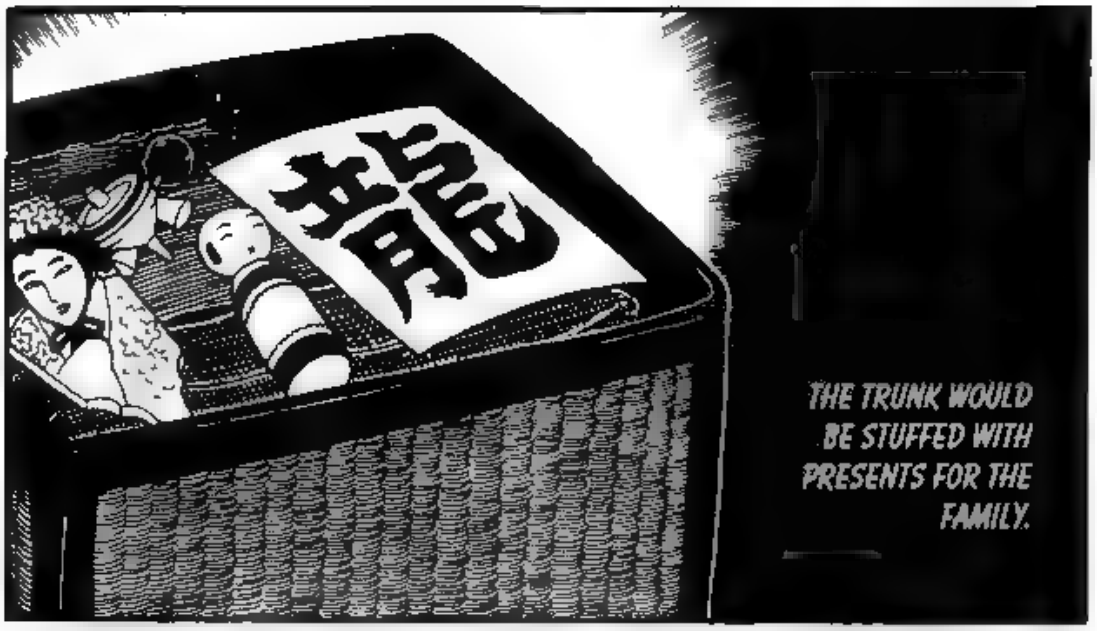


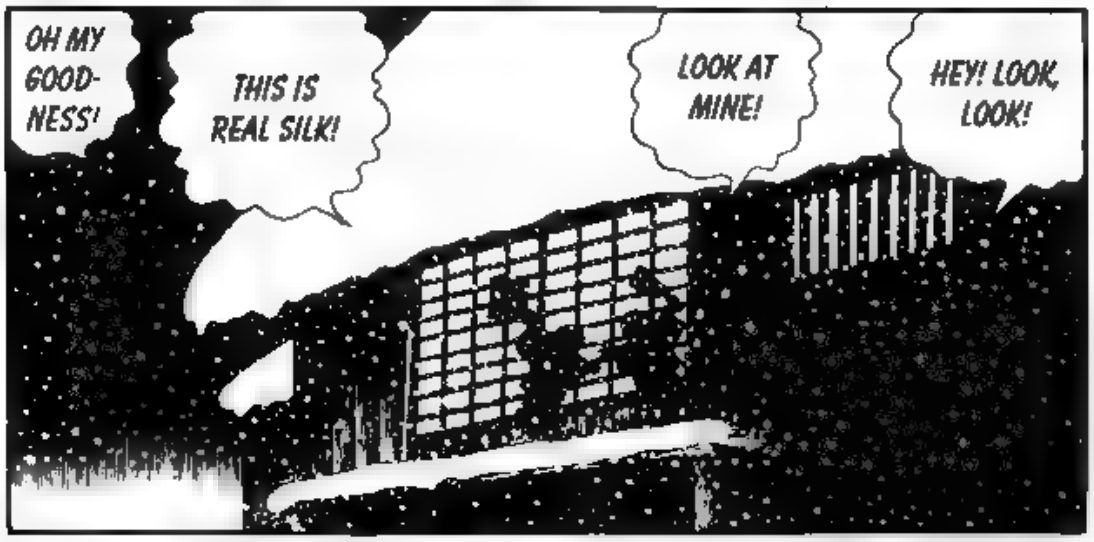
PLACE YOUR BETS!

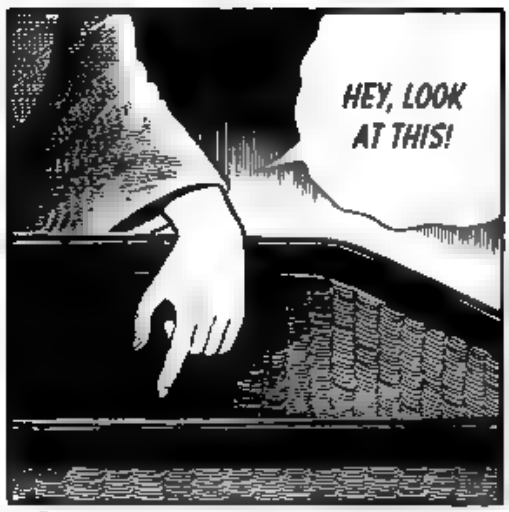

HEH HEH HEH
HEY, SNAKEMAN, YOU'RE DOIN' REAL GOOD. ME, I'M ON A LOSIN' STREAK.


DOUBLE ONES— A PAIR!

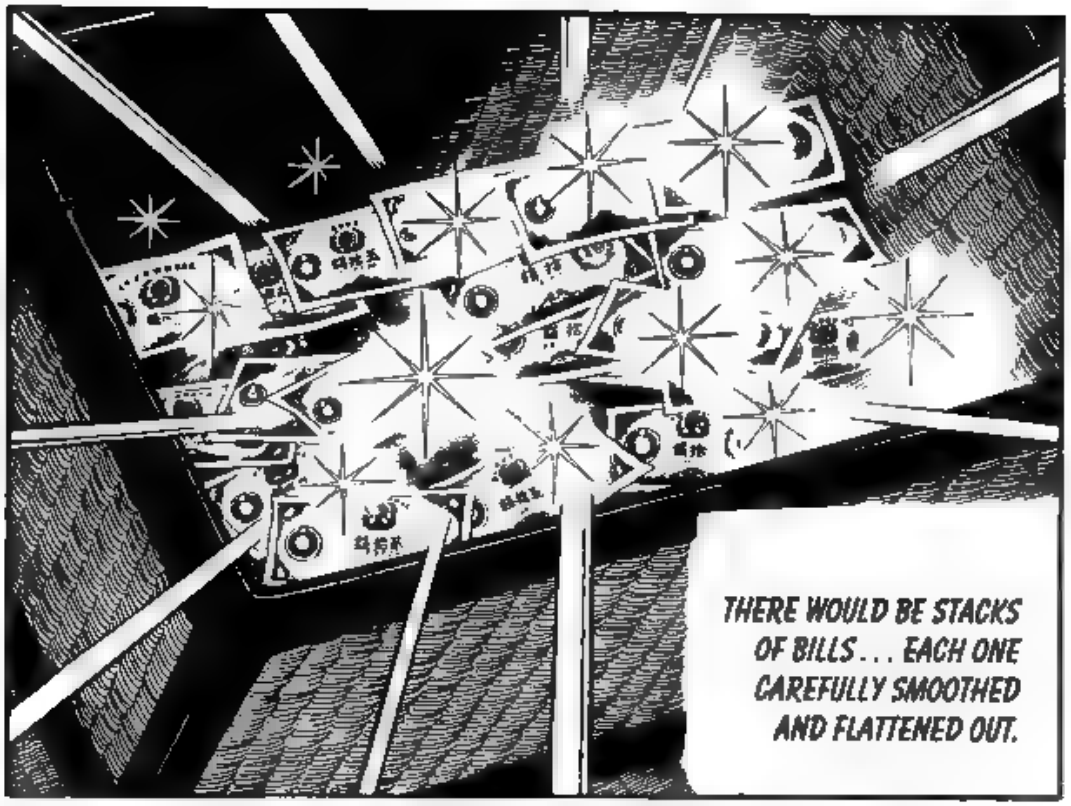
GAMBLING WAS MY GRANDFATHER'S WHOLE LIFE. THAT'S WHY HE ONLY CAME HOME FOR SUMMER FESTIVAL AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.
LOOK— IT'S DADDY
DADDY!
MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW HE AND HIS SISTER USED TO GO TO MEET MY GRANDFATHER AT THE SNOWY PASS.
WHENEVER HE'D BEEN ON A WINNING STREAK, HE CAME BACK CARRYING A LARGE TRUNK ON HIS BACK.
DADDY!
はは は
HA HA HA
DADDY! DADDY!


THE TRUNK WOULD BE STUFFED WITH PRESENTS FOR THE FAMILY.


OH MY GOOD-NESS!
THIS IS REAL SILK!
LOOK AT MINE!
HEY! LOOK, LOOK!


HEY, LOOK AT THIS!

AFTER THEY HAD OPENED THEIR PRESENTS, HE'D SHOW THEM THE BOTTOM OF THE TRUNK.


THERE WOULD BE STACKS OF BILLS... EACH ONE CAREFULLY SMOOTHED AND FLATTENED OUT.

HA HA HA! NOW WE'LL HAVE A NICE NEW YEAR'S DAY!
INCREDIBLE!
WOW!

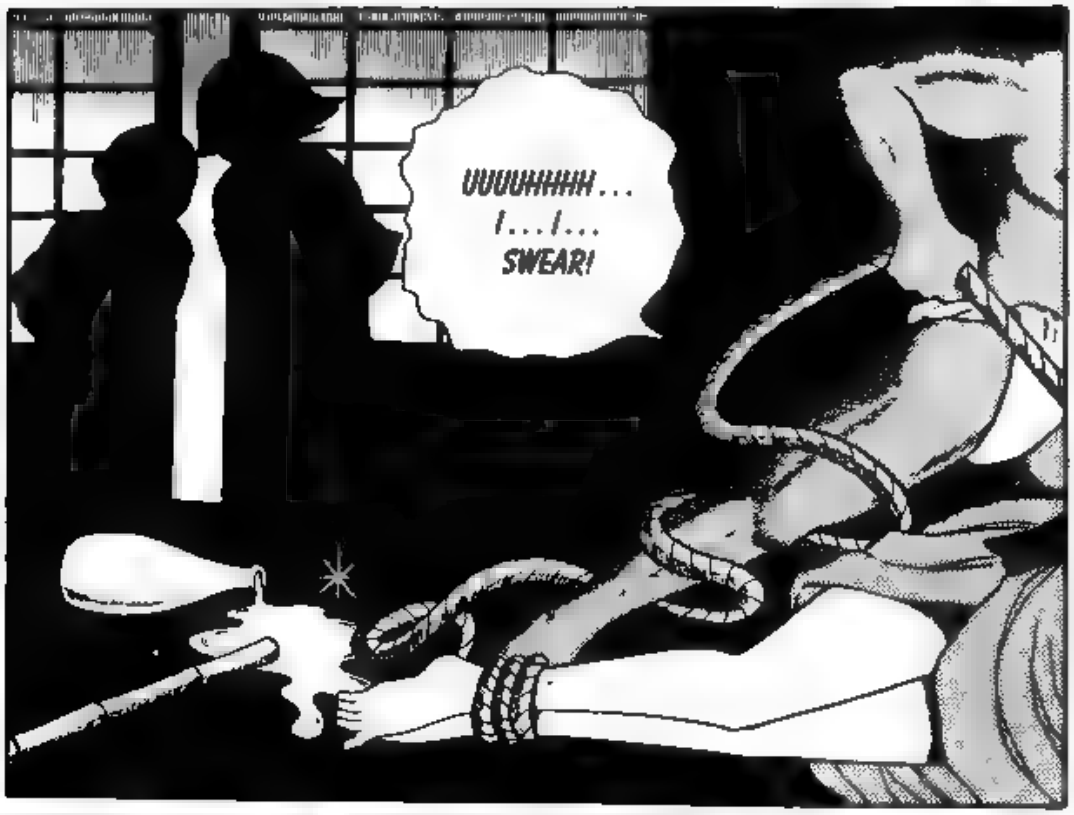
.....
WELLLL

DARLING... HOW LONG WILL YOU STAY THIS TIME?

BUT USUALLY WHEN HE CAME BACK, HE'D LOST.
CHIRP CHIRP
DADDY!
HE CAME BACK LIKE A SLEEPWALKER... LOOKING LIKE A BUM.
THOSE TIMES...
CHIRP CHIRP
DADDY IS BACK!!
MOM!
NATURALLY, THE FAMILY WAS VERY POOR. MY GRANDMOTHER WORKED IN THE FIELDS AND COULD BARELY SUPPORT THEM ALL.

WHENEVER HE CAME BACK AFTER LOSING HE'D GET DRUNK AND BEAT MY GRANDMOTHER. AS TIME WENT ON, IT GOT WORSE AND WORSE.
HEY SIS— THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!
YANK
UUHHHH!
LIKE ROTTEN MAGGOTS.
MY GUTS ARE FILLED WITH DICE . . .
WHACK WHACK
OW! OWWWW! I DON'T HATE YOU!
BITCH—YOU HATE ME!

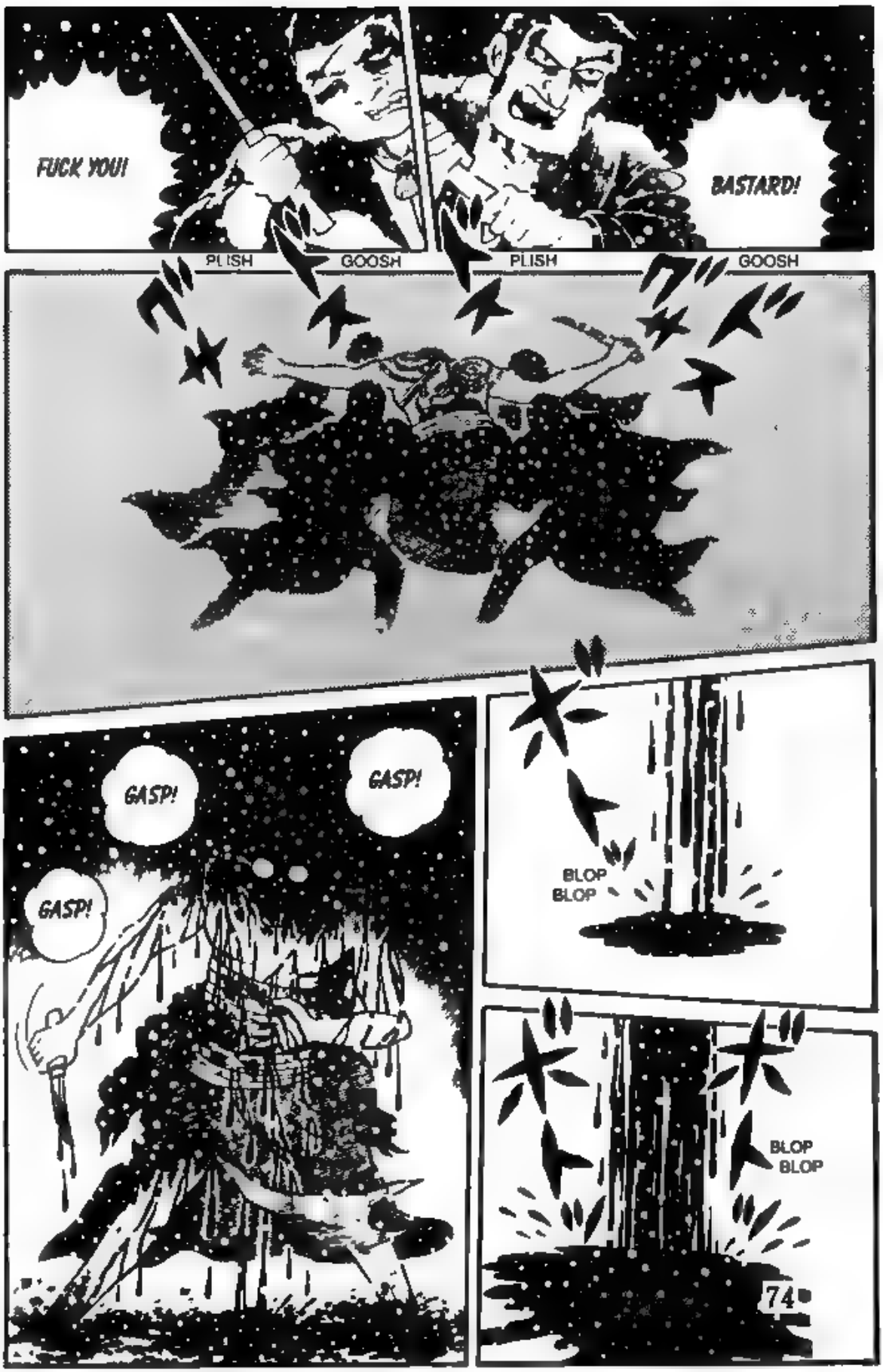
IF YOU MEAN IT THEN YOU'LL SACRIFICE EVERYTHING FOR ME!
YES! I WILL!


UUUUHHHH... I...I... SWEAR!

MY FATHER AND HIS SISTER BEGAN TO HATE HIM MORE AND MORE.

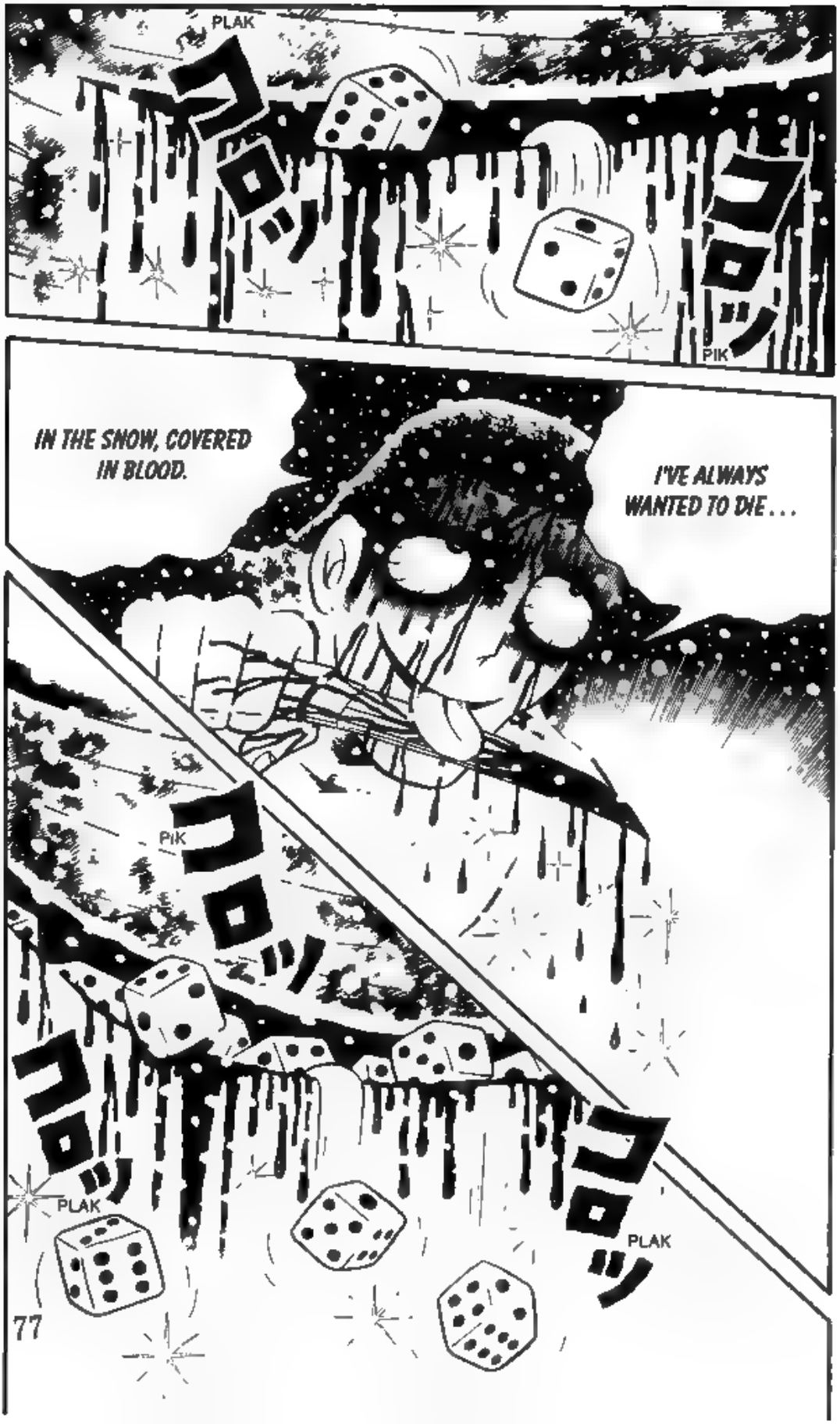
MY GRANDFATHER GOT MIXED UP IN A DISPUTE WITH SOME OTHER GAMBLERS.
AND ON ONE SNOWY NIGHT . . .
HEY SNAKEMAN— YOU'RE DEAD MEAT!
YAAAH!
ZZZWIP

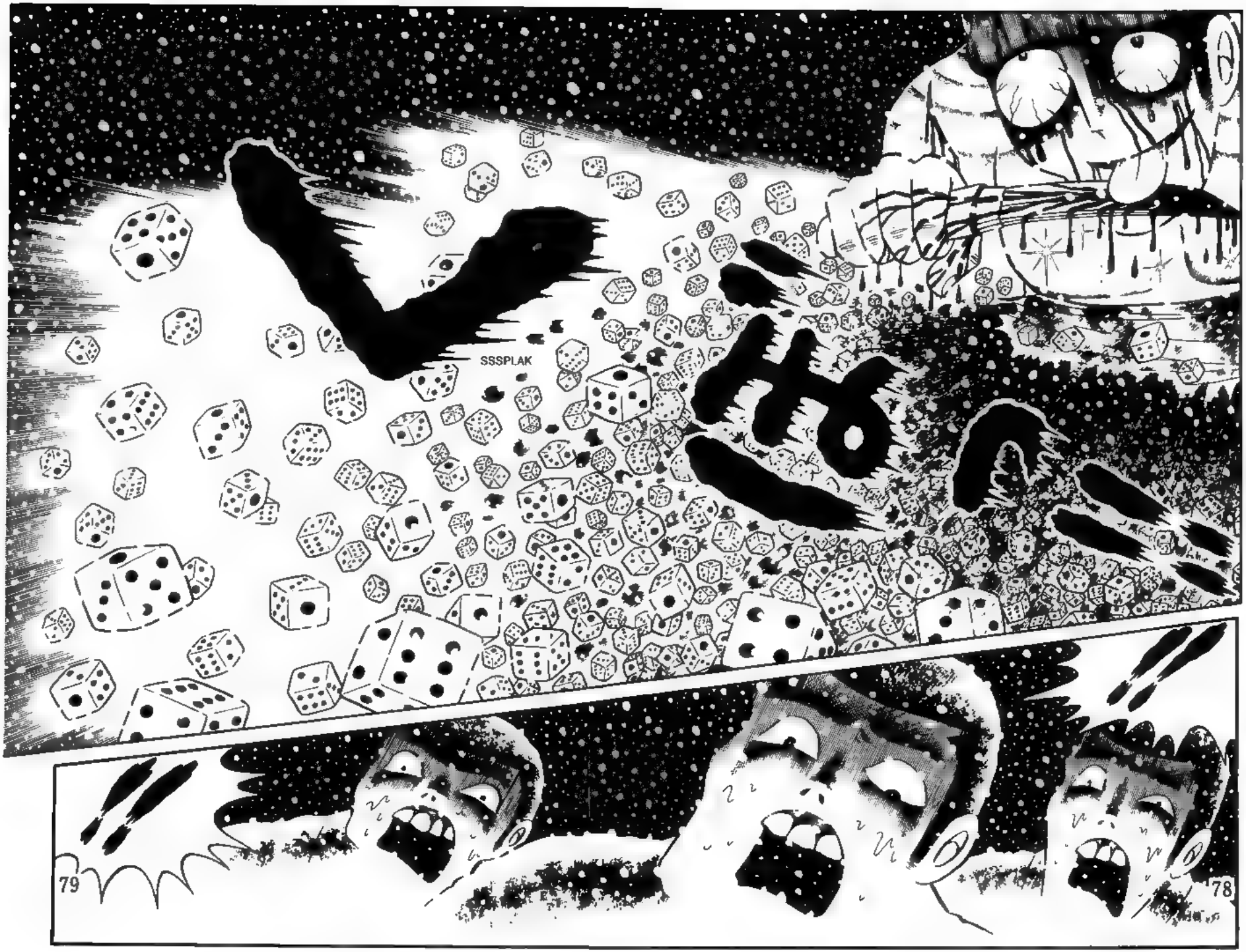
OOOFF!
SSSSS...
SSS... NAAAAKE.. NAAAN!
RRRIP
RP


FUCK YOU!
BASTARD!
PLISH
GOOSH
PLISH
GOOSH
GASP!
GASP!
GASP!
BLOP
BLOP
BLOP
BLOP

HEE HEE HEE . . . HA HA HA!
EVEN THOUGH WE CUT HIM TO SHREDS . . .
THE GUY'S LAUGHING!
G-G-G-GOD-DAMN SON OF A BITCH!
BY YOU PIECES OF SHIT!
I . . . I AM THE SNAKEMAN. I WILL NOT BE KILLED . . .
TSSRIP
CHUK

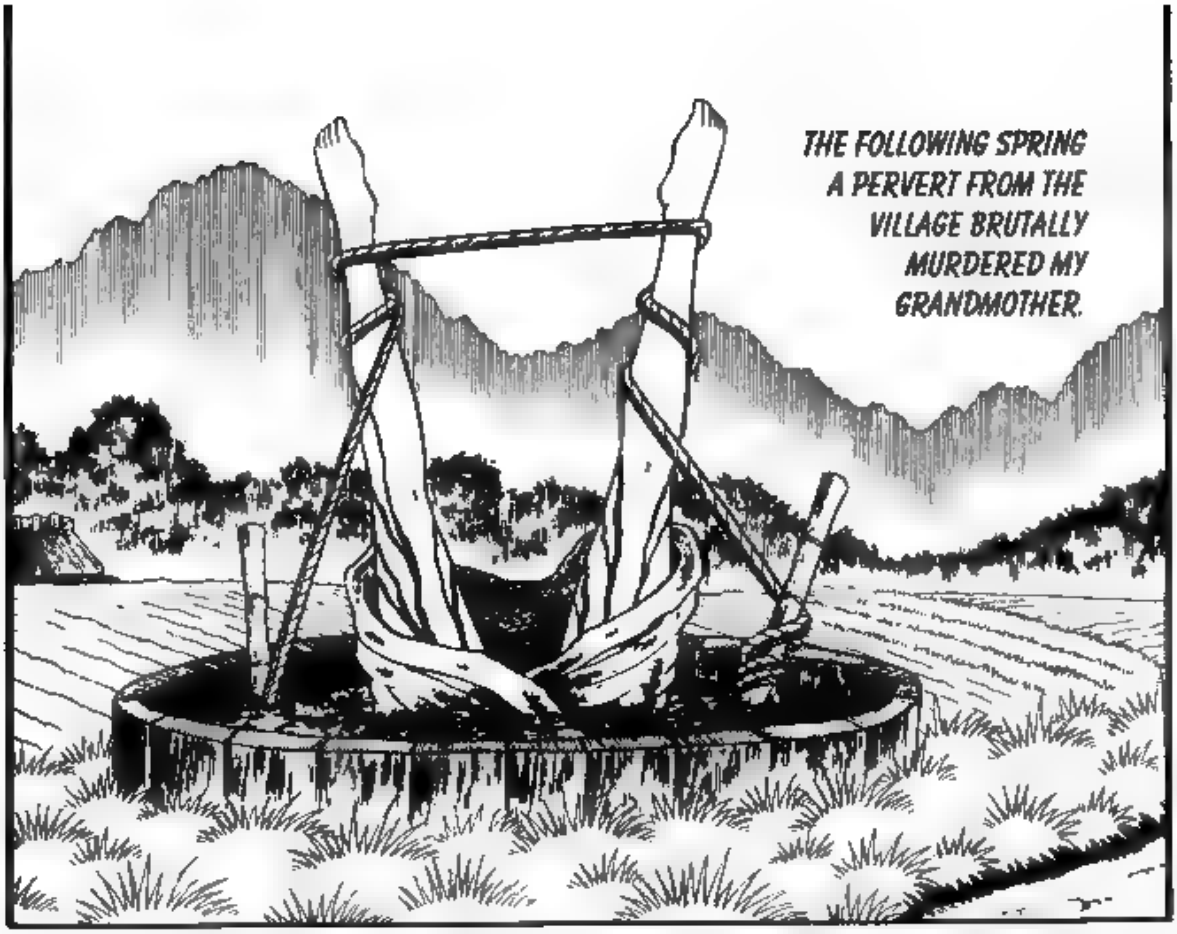
TS TS TSSRIP
PIK
ロッ
!!!!!!
!!!!!


PLAK
コロッ
コロッ
PIK
IN THE SNOW, COVERED IN BLOOD.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DIE . . .
PIK
コロッ
コロッ
PLAK
PLAK


SSSPLAK
79
78

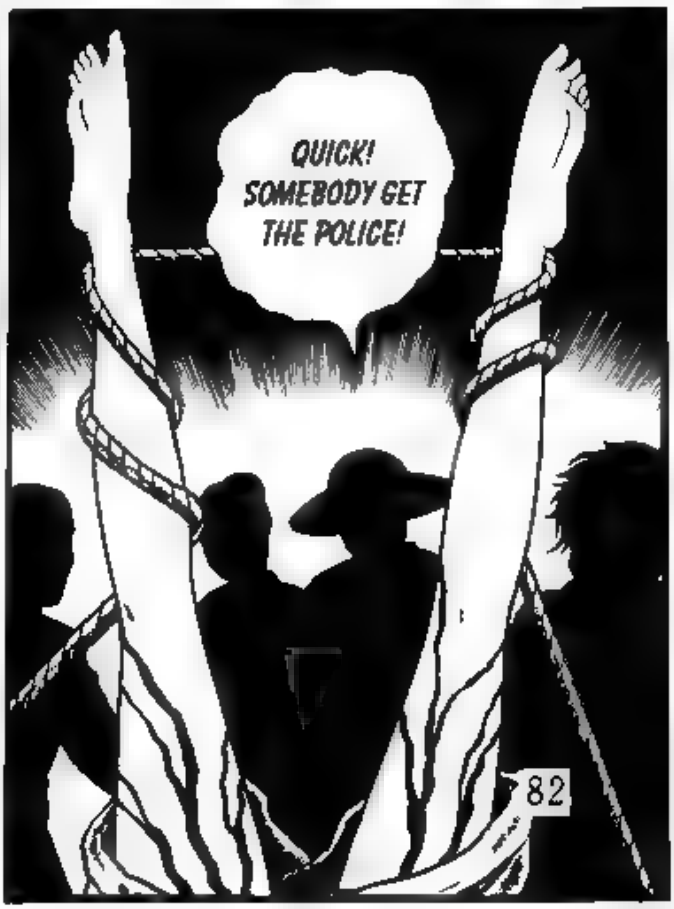
GOOSH
SKLATTER
GULP
HEE HEE
OH, THE DICE TASTE SO GOOD... HEH HEH!
CHONK CHONK

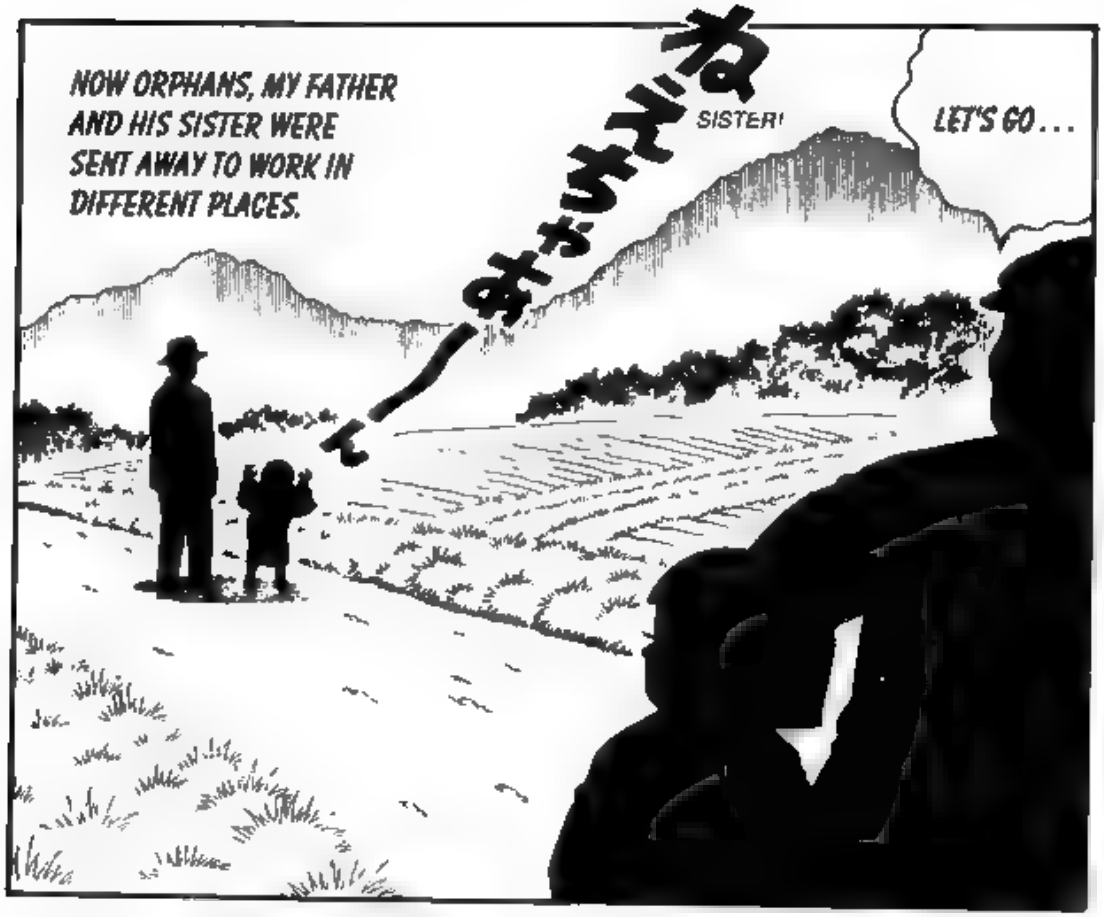
NYAH NYAH!!
AIIIIIII!
YAHHHH!
PHUMP
HIS BLOOD SEEPING INTO THE SNOW— THAT WAS THE END OF MY GRANDFATHER.


THE FOLLOWING SPRING A PERVERT FROM THE VILLAGE BRUTALLY MURDERED MY GRANDMOTHER.

MAMA!

MAMA...


QUICK! SOMEBODY GET THE POLICE!


NOW ORPHANS, MY FATHER AND HIS SISTER WERE SENT AWAY TO WORK IN DIFFERENT PLACES.
おねえさんね
SISTER!
LET'S GO . . .

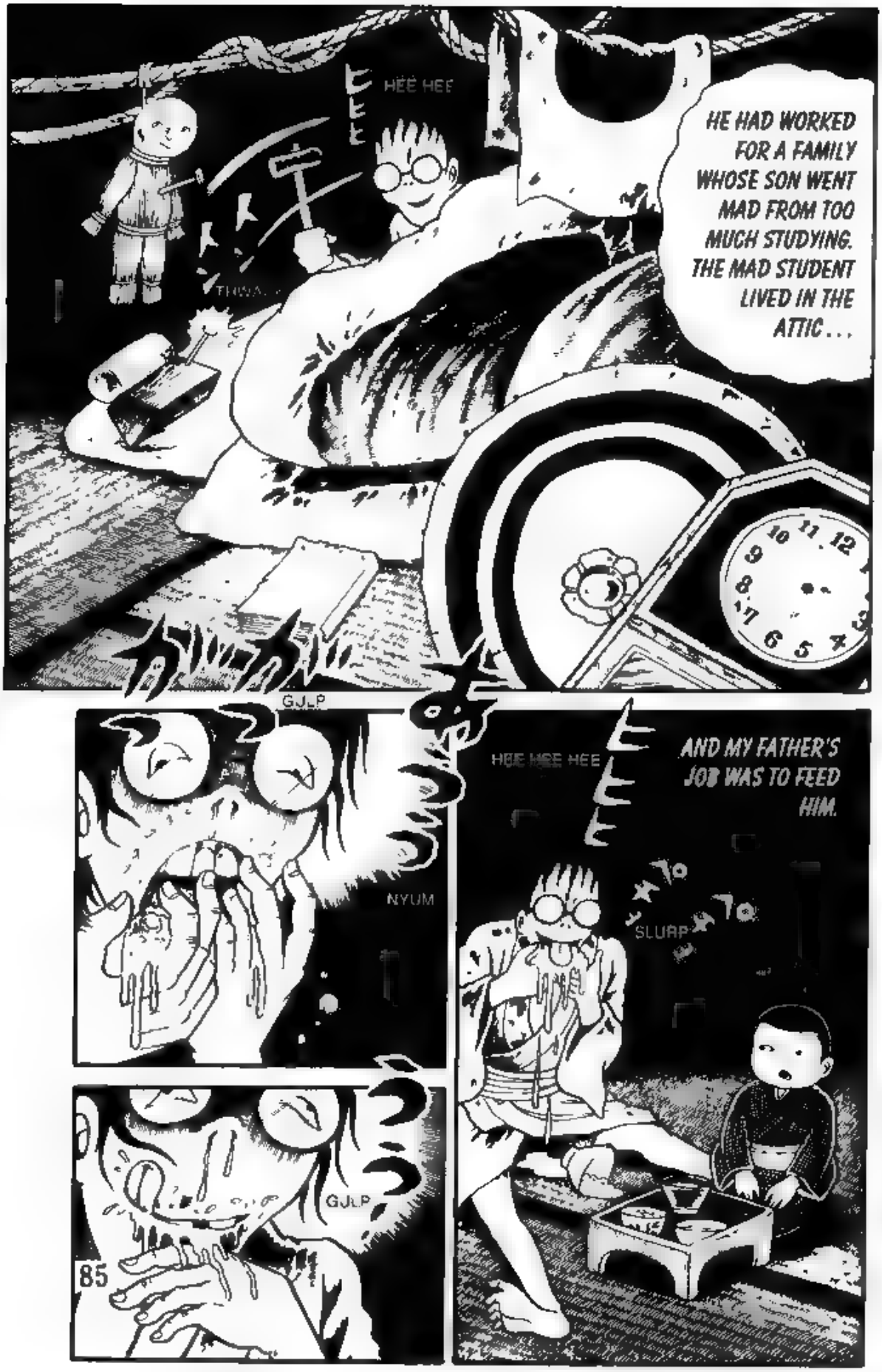
A CRIMSON BAT!

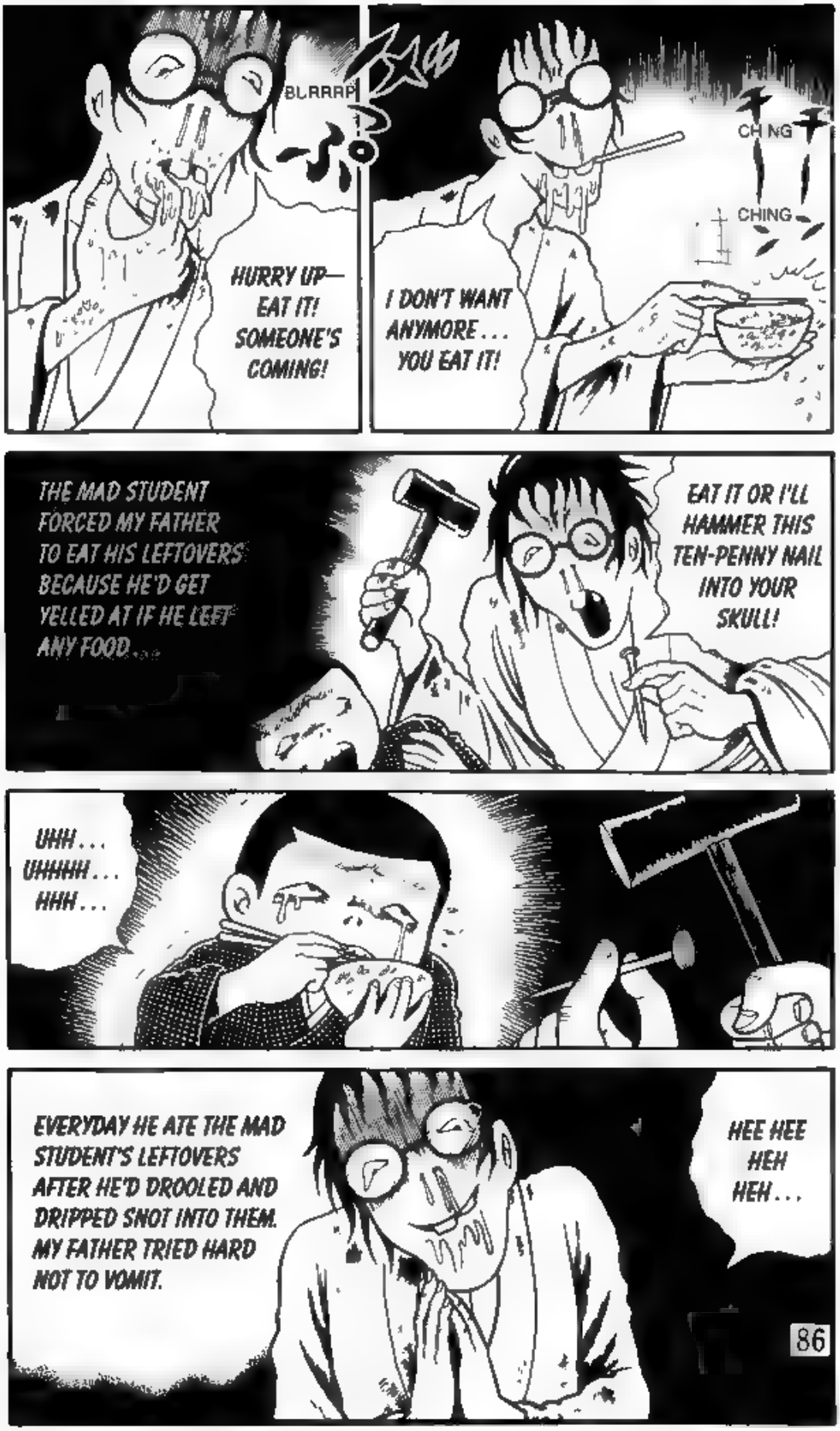
MY FATHER'S TATTOO WAS . .
THIS IS THE PAINTING OF MY FATHER. HE HAD A TATTOO ON HIS BACK JUST LIKE MY GRANDFATHER.

THREE GENERATIONS OF TATTOOS

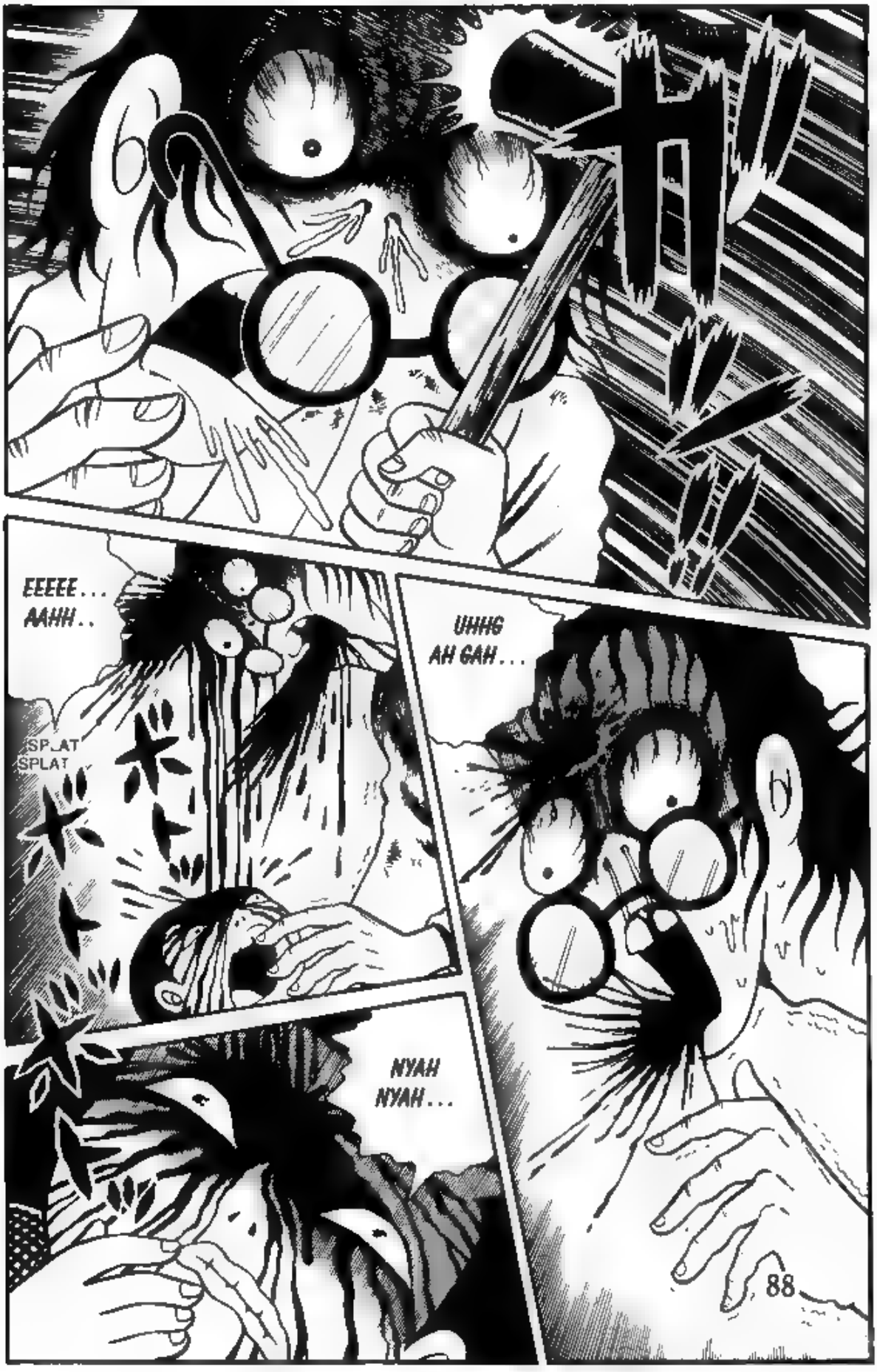
PART 2: THE CRIMSON BAT

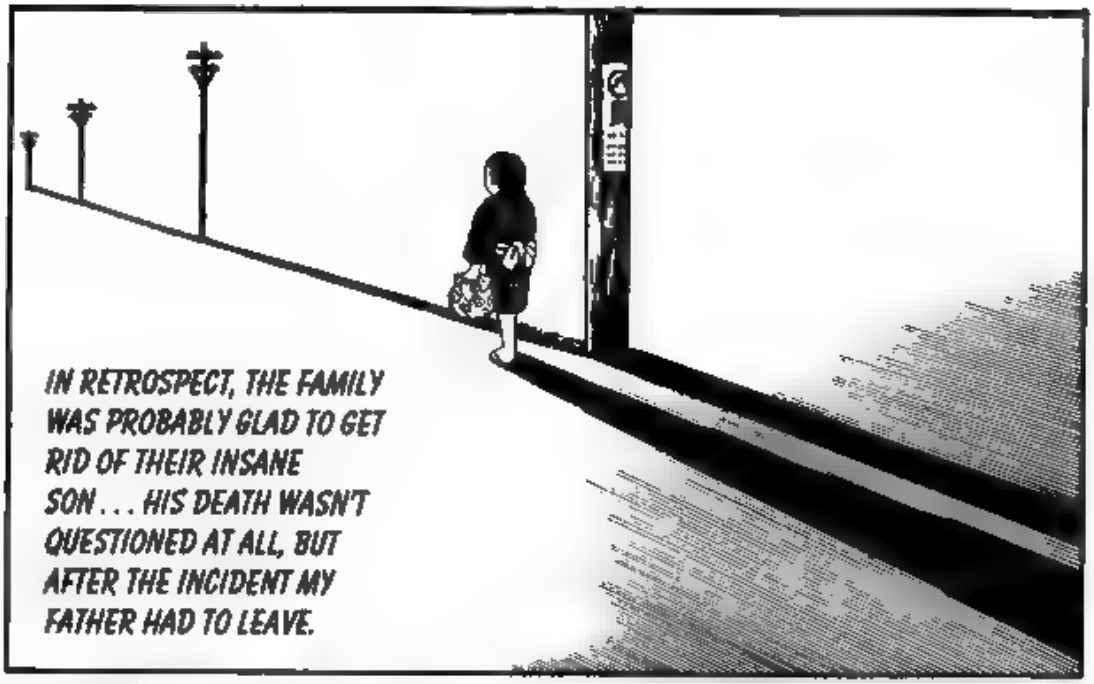
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY FATHER WOULD DRINK HIMSELF INTO A STUPOR EVERYDAY. HE ALWAYS HAD A VICIOUS SCOWL ON HIS FACE WHEN HE DRANK...
THE PLACE I APPRENTICED IN WAS A FUCKING NIGHTMARE.
HUH... HUNH... MMM... MMHH...
AND HE WAS ALWAYS MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.


HEE HEE
THWA
HE HAD WORKED FOR A FAMILY WHOSE SON WENT MAD FROM TOO MUCH STUDYING. THE MAD STUDENT LIVED IN THE ATTIC . . .
GULP
NYUM
HEE HEE HEE
AND MY FATHER'S JOB WAS TO FEED HIM.
SLURP
GULP
85


BLRRRP!
HURRY UP— EAT IT! SOMEONE'S COMING!
I DON'T WANT ANYMORE . . . YOU EAT IT!
CH NG
CHING
THE MAD STUDENT FORCED MY FATHER TO EAT HIS LEFTOVERS BECAUSE HE'D GET YELLED AT IF HE LEFT ANY FOOD . . .
EAT IT OR I'LL HAMMER THIS TEN-PENNY NAIL INTO YOUR SKULL!
UHH . . . UHHHH . . . HHH . . .
EVERYDAY HE ATE THE MAD STUDENT'S LEFTOVERS AFTER HE'D DROOLED AND DRIPPED SNOT INTO THEM. MY FATHER TRIED HARD NOT TO VOMIT.
HEE HEE HEH HEH . . .

OH SHIT! I'M GONNA GET IN TROUBLE NOW... EAT IT!
!!
BLUUARRRH
BUT ONE DAY THE MAD STUDENT THREW UP EVERYTHING HE'D EATEN...
THEN, BY CHANCE, HE SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY...
EEYGH! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!
WHACK
EAT IT NOW! JUST EAT IT, YOU PUNK!


EEEEE...
AAHH..
SPLAT
SPLAT
UHHG
AH GAH...
NYAH
NYAH...


IN RETROSPECT, THE FAMILY WAS PROBABLY GLAD TO GET RID OF THEIR INSANE SON . . . HIS DEATH WASN'T QUESTIONED AT ALL, BUT AFTER THE INCIDENT MY FATHER HAD TO LEAVE.

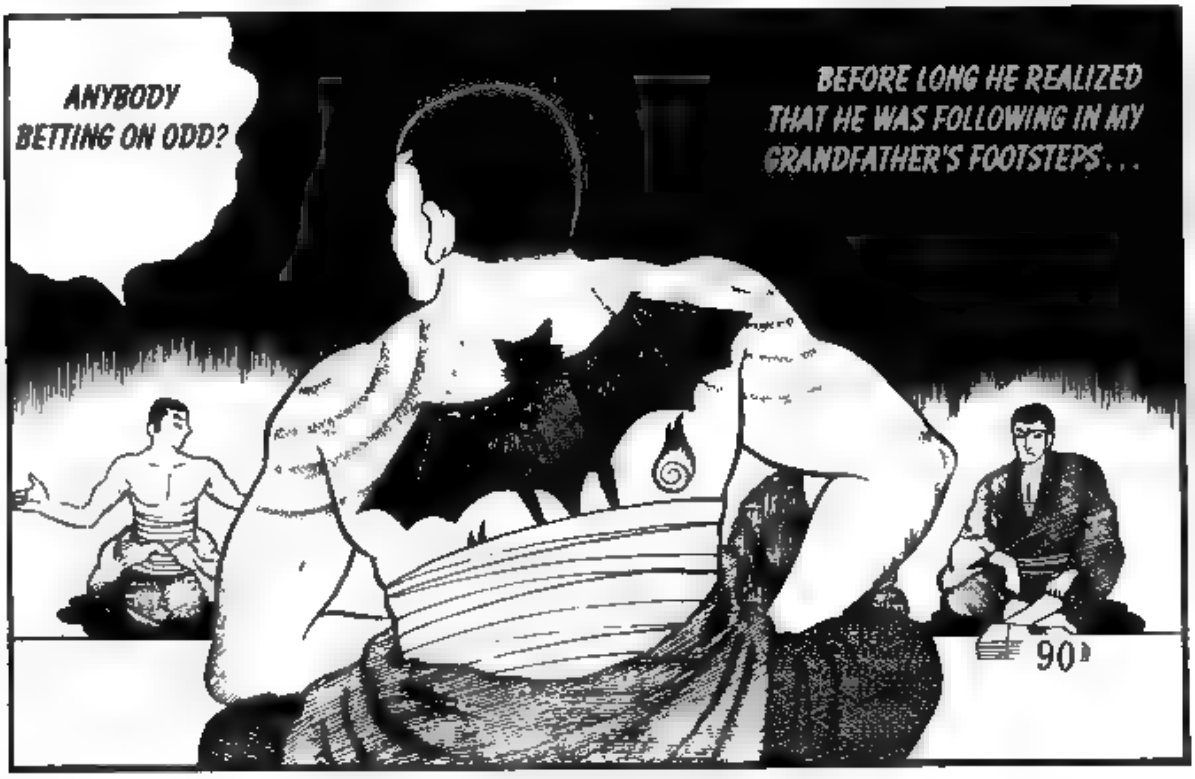
SO HE WENT TO SEE HIS SISTER, BUT . . .

SIS . . . UH . . . UH . . . UH . . . UH . . .

IT WAS TOO LATE. SHE WAS DEAD. THEY MADE HER WORK SO HARD THAT SHE GOT PNEUMONIA. SHE ALWAYS HAD BEEN SICKLY.

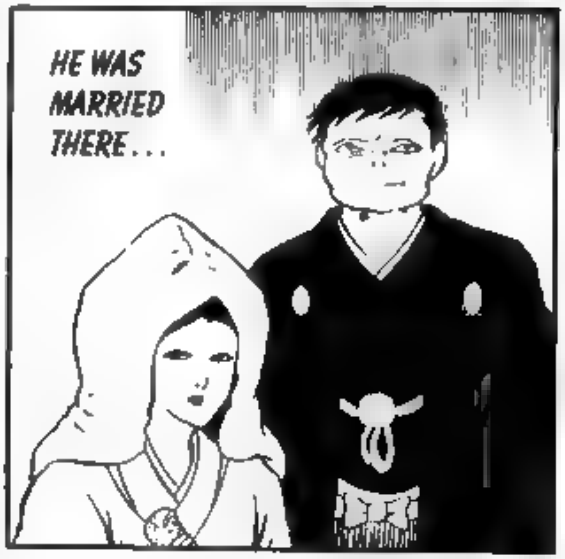
SISTER!

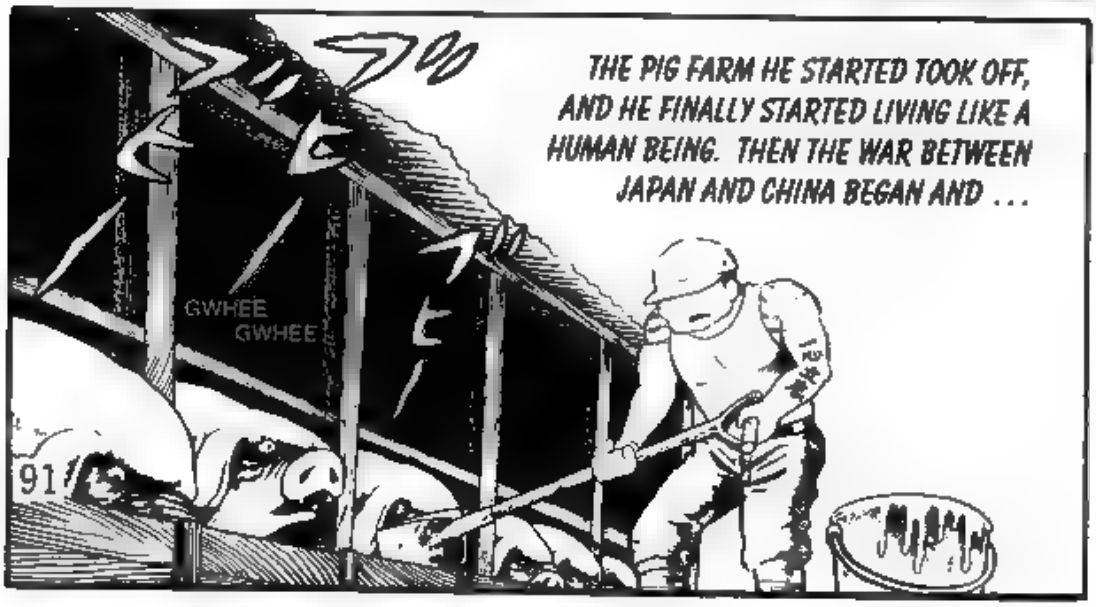
AFTER LOSING HIS SISTER, MY FATHER BECAME A VAGABOND.


ANYBODY BETTING ON ODD?
BEFORE LONG HE REALIZED THAT HE WAS FOLLOWING IN MY GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS...

CRSH CRSH
MY FATHER KNEW IF HE KEPT ON LIKE THAT HE'D WIND UP DEAD, JUST LIKE MY GRANDFATHER THE SNAKEMAN. SO HE SET SAIL FOR MANCHURIA TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE AND MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.
OHHH, LAND—A WHOLE CONTINENT AWAITS ME! AH, MANCHURIA!

AND WORKED LIKE A SLAVE.


HE WAS MARRIED THERE...


THE PIG FARM HE STARTED TOOK OFF, AND HE FINALLY STARTED LIVING LIKE A HUMAN BEING. THEN THE WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA BEGAN AND ...
GWHEE GWHEE
91

THEY'VE FINALLY DONE IT!
HISS
CRACKLE
HEADQUARTERS ANNOUNCED TODAY, DECEMBER 8TH, OUR IMPERIAL NAVY IS . . .
OH . . . DEAR . . .
LOOK AFTER THINGS, DARLING.
A DRAFT NOTICE WAS DELIVERED TO HIM.
HE JUST KEPT KILLING PEOPLE IN THAT NIGHTMARISH WAR. HE BELIEVED THAT BY DOING SO WE WOULD WIN QUICKLY AND HE COULD RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE IN MANCHURIA.

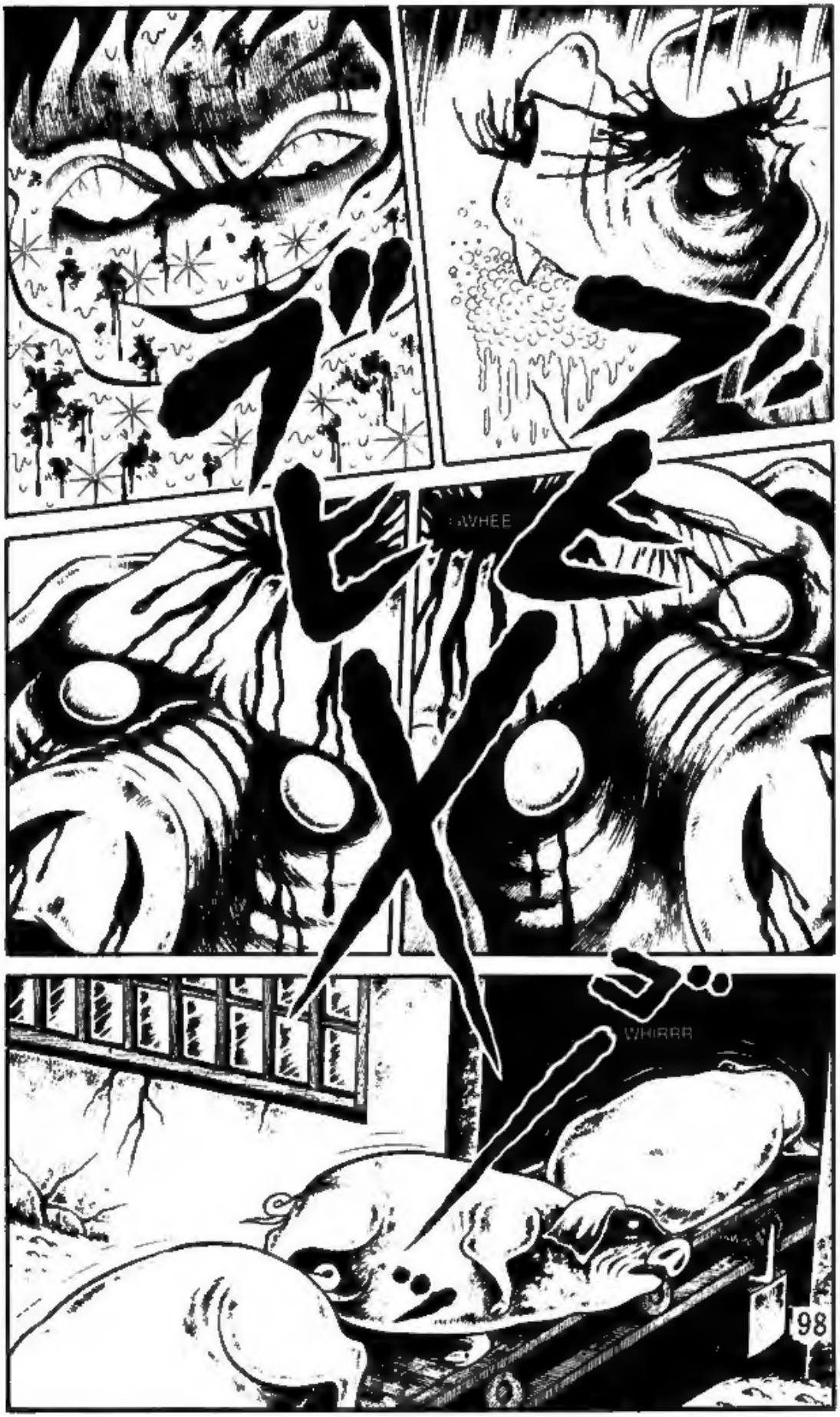
SHIT!
NOW I REALIZE WE HAD IT COMING ANYWAY.
BUT THE MUSHROOM CLOUD BLEW IT ALL UP.
ON OUR LONG JOURNEY BACK TO JAPAN, MY WIFE WENT COMPLETELY OUT OF HER MIND.
WHEN IT CAME TIME TO LEAVE, MANCHURIA WAS A LIVING HELL.
YEAH . . . THIS WORLD IS HELL . . .
HUNH! THE WHEEL OF KARMA IS ETERNAL . . .

DAMN BRAT! SPYING ON ME WITH THOSE EYES AGAIN!
I FUCKING HATE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME!
THOMP THOMP
MY FATHER HATED MY GUTS. WHENEVER HE DRANK SAKE HE GOT VIOLENT.

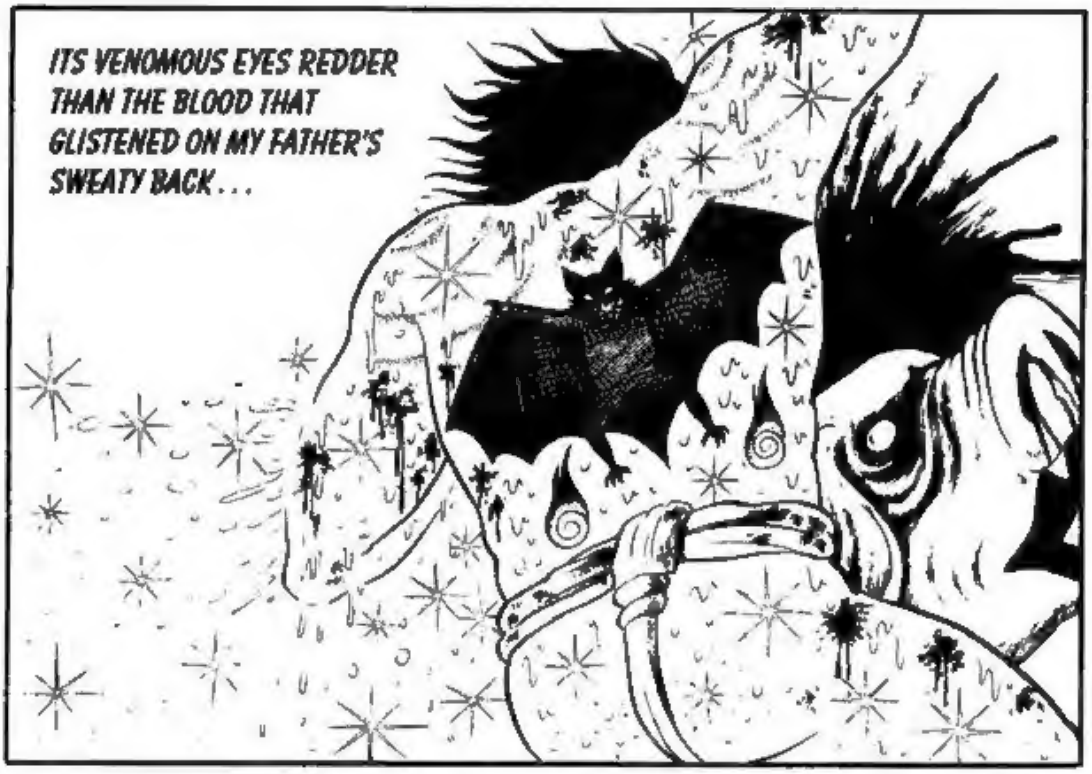
DUMB KID! YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT ME WITH THOSE EYES SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN!
BASTARD! YOU AREN'T A HUMAN CHILD! YOU ARE A DEMON'S SON! THE CHILD OF A DEMON!
RIP
SHREEEK
SHREEEK
WHENEVER HE BEAT ME, A GIGANTIC CRIMSON BAT ROSE UP BEHIND HIS BACK AND LAUGHED EERILY, STARING DOWN AT ME.
HAHA!

AT THAT TIME MY FATHER WAS WORKING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
ONE SUMMER'S DAY HE WAS SAVAGELY KILLING PIGS UNDER A BLAZING SUN.
GWHEE
GWHEE
日の本食肉処理株式会社
SHOOOM
WITH PIG'S BLOOD SMEARED OVER HIS BODY AND FACE, HE LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL.
一心立志

WHOMP
GRUNT
THUMP
GWHEE
GURGLE


WHEE
WHIRR

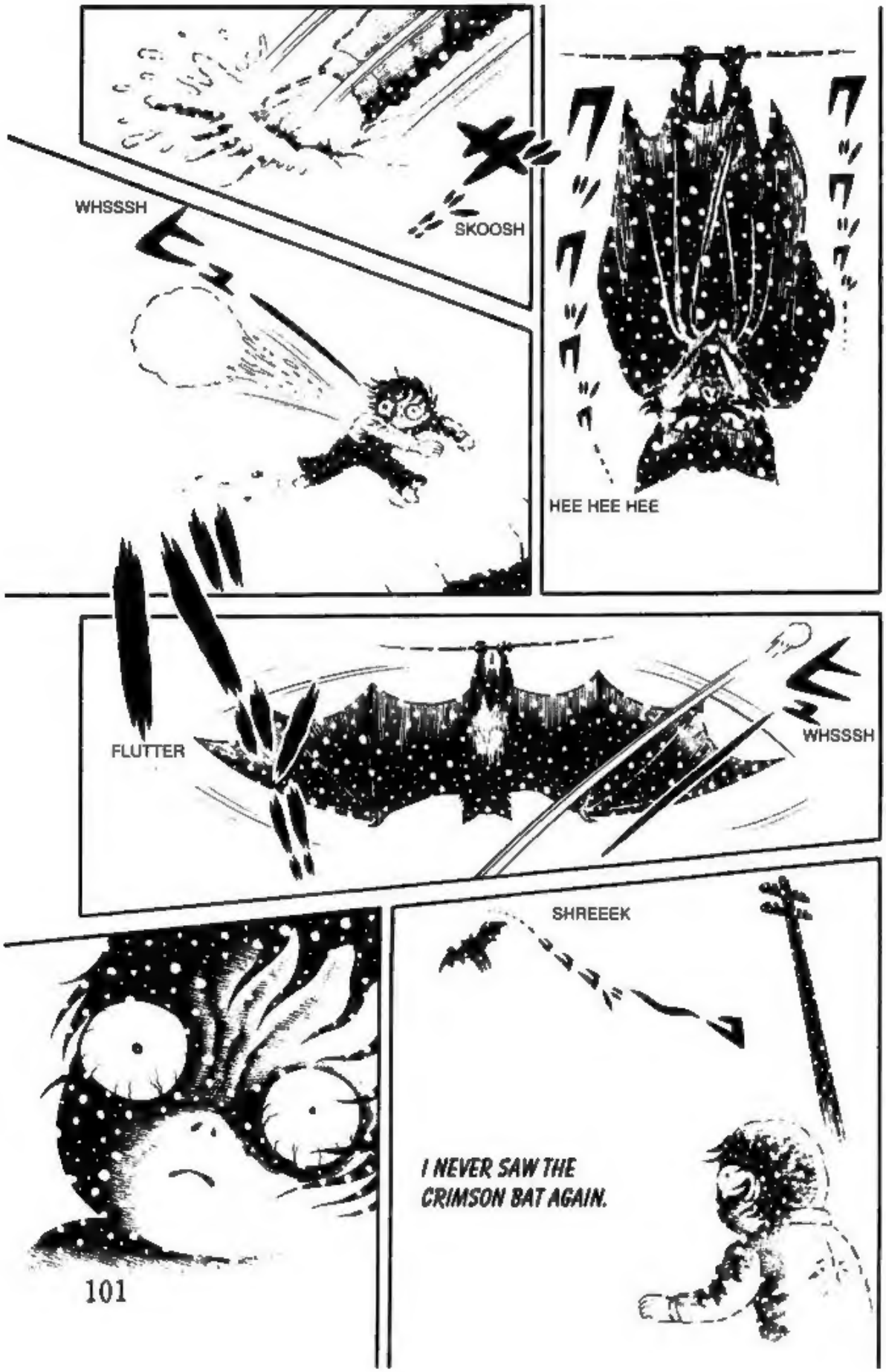
I COULD SEE THE CRIMSON BAT...
AT THAT EXACT MOMENT...


ITS VENOMOUS EYES REDDER THAN THE BLOOD THAT GLISTENED ON MY FATHER'S SWEATY BACK...

99

LAUGHING AND DANCING MADLY!

HIS BLOATED BODY LOOKED LIKE A FAT PIG, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH THE CRIMSON BAT...
THEN ONE WINTRY DAY I SAW MY FATHER FLOATING DOWN HELL RIVER AMONG ALL THE GARBAGE.
SHREEEK
HAD DISAPPEARED.
C-C-C-CRIMSON BAT!


WHSSSH
SKOOSH
HEE HEE HEE
FLUTTER
WHSSSH
SHREEEK
I NEVER SAW THE CRIMSON BAT AGAIN.